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TWO WOMEN HURT IN SMASH-UP

Buggy Hit by Speeding Auto is Thrown in Ditch and is Demolished

LOST CONTROL OF MACHINE

The Two Women That Were Riding in the Buggy Were Badly Shaken up In the Crash

Two women were badly bruised and shaken up and the buggy in which they were riding was hurled over into a ditch when it was stuck by an automobile going at what is said to have been a rapid rate of speed. The women who escaped death as by almost a miracle were:

Mrs. Robert Litweiler, Gages Lake.

Miss Sadie Flood, her niece, Warrenton.

The accident happened about five o'clock Monday evening. The two women had driven to Waukegan on a shopping expedition and were returning home by way of the Belvidere road when the accident happened just west of Tiernan's corners.

The women heard the warning whistle of an automobile approching from the rear. The machine appeared to be going at exceedingly rapid rate of speed. The women turned their horse to one side driving part way into ditch in order that the automobilists might have full possession of the road.

According to the way they describe it, the machime overtook them [illegible] and was about to pass them with a rush, the driver turning to one side. They say he seemed to lose control of the machine or sought to regain the road too quickly—at any rate the touring car was turned directly toward the horse and buggy.

A second later the buggy and its occupants were hurled into the ditch and the horse was knocked down. The force of the blow was such that the buggy was rolled completely over and was utterly demolished. The women were assisted out of the wreckage and it was thought at first that they had been seriously injured. How they escaped death they cannot explain themselves.

The automobile driver explained to them, they say, that he had but recently purchased the automobile and was not vet expert in its manipulation. He informed them his name was Patrick Marr, of Libertyville. The women declare they have witnesses who are ready to state they gave the automobilist more than half of the road and are blameless for the accident.

They say Marr did not offer to take them to their homes and that they had to apply to a farm house for a horse and buggy as their own was demolished to such an extent that it could not be used. The horse is said to have been severely bruised.

Barn Burns to Ground

A large barn owned by Chas. Brown of Gurnee was struck by lightning during the midst of the storm Sunday afternoon. The bolt set fire to the structure and in spite of efforts to extinguish the flames the building burned to the ground. It contained a large amount of hay. The loss is placed at approximately $1,000. The houses adjoin the barn rather closely and efforts had to be made to confine the blaze to the barn in order that neither of these houses would take fire. Because of the strong wind and the fact that there were many smouldering embers a watch was kept up all night to see that neither of the houses caught fire while the occupants were sleeping. There was no live stock in the barn at the time the bolt struck.

It is reported here this morning that lightning again struck a barn belonging to the same party during the severe storm of Wednesday night and it is said that a considerable loss was entailed.

World's Principal Want.

I know few wants that press upon our modern life with more immediate necessity than the want of silence.—Sidney Lanier.

Grasping.

People are willing to take hard knocks for nothing, but never to sell ribands cheap.—Ruskin.

ADVERTISING PARADE WILL TOUR NEIGHBORING TOWNS, JUNE 30

Tuesday, June 30, has been chosen as "Booster Day" for the grand Fourth of July celebration now being planned for Antioch under the auspices of the Volunteer Fire department of this village.

To show the public that they are in real earnest in their efforts and that they intend to make this celebration a glorious one indeed, the boys have solicited the aid of the auto owners of the village and at the present time twenty machines have been entered for service. The plan now is to form a procession of all available machines which being suitably decorated and placarded will leave at 9:00 a. m. and make a tour of the entire county, passing out Fourth of July circulars and reminding the people that Antioch is alive to its opportunity and is eager to show them that it is a brilliant setting for a most glorious celebration.

The names of those who have contributed the use of their cars are:

W. R. Williams, Artie Bock, George Webb, Wm. Gray, Wm. VanPatten, Dr. Morrell, Chase Webb, Frank Huber C. Kelly, W. Volkman, John Hodge, H. & R. Garage, D. A. Williams, Joe Savage, L. B. Grice, Dr John Turner, Chas. Sibley, Arthur Edgar, Charles Powles.

Any one else who cares to join the Booster's will be gladly welcomed by the committee, who request all who can join, and have not been previously solicited to leave their names at Keulman's Jewlery store.

JOHN JOHNSON AND MISS EDITH HADLOCK MARRIED

On Monday of this week John Johnson and Miss Edith Hadlock both of this place, sprung a clever surprise upon their many friends by quietly slipping away from town on an early morning train and returning in the evening joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. While it was surmised by their friends that such an event would take place in the near future yet no one was aware of the date that had been chosen by the contracting parties.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Funston at the M. E. parsonage in Waukegan.

Both young people are well known in this vicinity. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hadlock of this village and the groom has been an employe at the laundry here for some time. Their many friends are offering congratulations.

Woodmen Elect Old Heads

Election of officers of the Modern Woodmen of America by the triennial convention of the order at Toledo, O., Saturday night resulted in a victory for the administration adherents, the insurgents of the convention being defeated in all contests.

A. R. Talbot of Lincoln, Neb., was re-elected head consul The name of F. A. Smith of Springfield, Ill., was placed before the delegates by the insurgents in opposition to Mr. Talbot, but the latter won by a vote of 282½ to 134½.

For the office of head clerk C. W. Hawes, of Illinois, who has held that position twenty-four years, nominated James McNamara of Rock Island. Mr. McNamara defeated Harry F. Hooker of Tecumseh, Okla., the insurgent candidate. Daniel Horn of Davenport, Iowa, was re-elected head adviser and John D. Volb of Indianapolis, was chosen banker.

Lightning Struck Big Barn

The lives of six men were endangered and over $150 worth of damage incurred when a bolt of lightning struck the barn on the Frank T. Fowler farm near Sand Lake Sunday afternoon. Seemingly in a playful attitude the lightning performed queer pranks as it coursed about the outer walls of the structure. The six men who were all employes of the farm were thrown to the floor, when the sudden flash came, where they laid as if they were tenpins. Everg one of them was stunned by the electricity that filled the air about the streak of lightning. The barn did not take fire, but the roof of the structure was badly damaged as was other portions of the building traversed by the lightning.

Demagogues.

In every age the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.—Lord Macaulay.

Two Motives.

Emulation is the child of ambition; rivalry is the unlovable daughter of envy.—Balzac.

DROPS DEAD ON DOOR STEPS

Mrs. Wm. Hoffmeyer of Diamond Lake Dies Mysteriously in Sunday's Storm

GAVE LIFE TO SAVE FOWL

Whether the Storm Frightened Her or a Bolt of Lightning Actually Hit and Affected Her is Unknown

Whether it was the shock of the storm and the fear that she might encounter injury from it, or whether a bolt of lightning actually hit and affected her, is not known, but the fact is, Mrs. Wm. Hoffmeyer, a well known resident of the county near Diamond Lake died Sunday on the doorstep of her home while returning to the house from the yard during the severe storm which visited that section.

Mrs. Hoffmeyer was 63 years old and while her health had not been of the strongest, she could not have been said to have been really sick.

When the storm came on Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Hoffmeyer went into the yard to lock up the chickens and attend to other matters about the place. Before she had returned to the house, the storm had broken.

It was not until the members of her family missed her and wondered why she remained outside so long, that they discovered her dying as she had tried to return to the house. As they opened the door, there they saw Mrs. Hoffmeyev lying across the steps, unconcious and dying. Evidently she had tried to get into the house and was overcome either by shock or by the effects of the lightning just as she reached the steps; and, she may have been affected in the yard and had managed to drag herself to the door which she had tried to open but failed.

She was carried into the house but died very shortly afterwards. The exact cause of her death therefore under the circumstances, will never be known and there are various conclusions as to just what it was. It seems certain, however, that the storm in some manner was the direct cause.

Mrs. Hoffmeyer was one of the well known residents living west of Diamond Lake, the family having lived there many years.

Diener and Sloan Guilty

After a deliberation lasting four hours a jury in county court reached a verdict at eight-thirty o'clock Tuesday evening, John Diener, who conducted a saloon at Half Day and Robert Sloan, his bartender, both were found guilty on one count each to selling liquor to a minor. Attorney James G. Welch and William Deane at once made a motion for a new trial but the date for arguing it has not yet been fixed.

State's Attorney Dady had made this a test case and upon it in large measure depended what he would do in the case of the other defendants who were indicted by the special grand jury on a charge of selling liquor illegally. Had he lost the first case he naturally realized that it would establish a bad precedent for the others. For that reason he put what he considered one of his strongest cases first. In the selection of the jury he exercised great care accepting only men whom he felt were not biased in the least. He is well pleased over his victory.

William Volkman Married

On Wednesday of this week at the home of the groom in this village occurred the wedding of William Volkman and Miss Kate Anderson, who has been employed as his housekeeper for the past couple of years. Rev. Jedele of Wilmot performing the ceremony in the presence of the nearest relatives of the contracting parties. Both Mr. and Mrs. Volkman have many friends here, who join with the News in extending hearty congratulations.

Character.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of self denials, of sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.—Emerson.

Progress by Blundering.

To err is not only human, it is progressive.—Puck.

MEETS DEATH WHILE RIDING SPEEDER

Foreigner on the Insull Farm Meets Tragic Death on Soo Line Railroad

COMPANION ESCAPE INJURY

Accident Due to Failure to Pay the Renting of Speeder He Borrowed of a Friend

Steven Kazenska, 33 years old, met a tragic death Friday night at 9:00 o'clock while riding what is known as a "speeder" on the Soo line road which he had borrowed from a car inspector at Leithton.

A friend with the victim escaped with but slight injuries after the freight train had run them down on a hill, the engineer being unable to stop his train after discovering the speeder in his path.

The tragic thing of the fatality is that the victim is dead as a result, it is stated, of his desire to go back to Aptakisic after a bottle of whiskey which was to be his pay to the car inspector for use of the speeder.

The story is told at Leighton and at the Insull farm, Libertyville, where he was employed, that Kazensha went to Aptakisic for the purpose of getting a box of beer. He got the box all right and returned home.

He made the trip on a speeder used by the car inspector and according to employes of the Insull place, the price for the speeder for the trip in this as in other cases where it has been loaned was a bottle of whiskey.

Kazenska got the bottle for his friend, the inspector and carried it back home. But when he arrived home, he found the whiskey bottle had broken and the precious fluid had leaked out.

The car inspector of course was annoyed, said Kazenska's friend, so the foreigner suggested that he would return to the hamlet and procured the booze; the car inspector assented and the two men started to make the return trip.

They were running ahead of a freight train going in the same direction and expected to beat it there but instead as they were going down a hill, the freight overtook them and the car was hurled into the ditch, the engineer being unable to stop his train after discovering their presence. The companion of the man killed saw the train bearing down on them and he leaped just before the engine hit the small car. The result was he was but slightly hurt whereas his friend was killed.

Kazenska was 33, married and leaves three small children.

Man Ends Life By Poison

Frank Smith, a former conductor on the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad and until his death employed of late at the Hardware Foundry, plant North Chicago, is dead as a result of what is said to be an accidental swallowing of the poison Lysol when he is reported to have believed he was taking a dose of Adlerika, a patent medicine used for a laxative.

He died while he was being cared for in Atterbury's drug store, Genesee and Belvidere street, Waukegan, whither his wife had rushed him in their buggy after discovering him frothing at the mouth when she entered their home on Jackson street, after putting up the horse with which she had drawn him home from his work, expecting to spend Saturday afternoon with him.

Smith was 40 years old and married the divorced wife of Otto Eckstrand some few years ago, she being the one who discovered his plight. Smith came from a well known family at Highwood and his relatives still live there.

More Important.

He—"Darling, refuse me, and I shall never love another girl!" She (briskly)—"What I want is a man who will promise me that if I accept him."—Judge.

Quite the Real Article.

"That salesman is such a man of polish." "Yes, he's a very smooth article."—Judge.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' REUNION HELD ON AUGUST 19-20

The annual Soldiers' and Sailors' reunion will be held in Waukegan again this year, according to a decision reached Wednesday afternoon at a meeting held inG. A. R. hall. Seven members of the executive committee made the decision, Two members were desirous of have the affair held at Wauconda this year but the other five were in favor of Waukegan. The reunion will be held on August 19 20.

Jeff Kirkpatrick and Dennis Jemison, lesses of Electric Park appeared before the executive committee and offered the park free of cost to the veterans. Mr. Kirkpatrick explained that this is not a personal thing in which he and his partner alone are interested but that they were authorized on behalf of the mayor and other citizens of the city to ask the members of the G.A.R. to accept Waukegan's hospitality again this year.

The following will be some of the features of the entertainment:

Brass band for both days.

Ten mile auto ride. This will probably be to the naval station. Free transportation will be furnished. Ample time will be given the veterans to inspect the institution.

Free transportation on all city cars during the two days for the soldiers and their wives.

Free tickets to ball games both days for soldiers and their wives.

Chicago fife and drum corps.

Quartette.

Wood for mammoth old fashioned campfire.

Moving picturas.

Vaudeville.

Printing and advertising.

Arrangements will at once be made for the program for the two days for although the reunion is some little ways off it is also planned to have the program arranged in plenty of time.

KNICKERBOCKERS AND CITY FUEL CO. CONSOLIDATE

Articles of consolidation affecting a Chicago corporation valued at $11,000,000 have been filed with Register of Deeds P. C. Torrey at Kenosha. The coroperation in question is the Consumer's company, a consolida ion of the Knickerbocker Ice company with large Kenosha and Lake county holdings and the City Fuel Company of Chicago. The vast capital is divided as follows, $4,500,000 preferred stock and $6,500,000 common stock. It consists of $110,000 shares, valued at $100 a share.

Fred W. Upham, a former resident of Racine, is named as president and F. H. Pearson as secretary and treasurer. The company deals in the sale and production of coal, wood and other fuels, the mining of coal, manufacture of coke, the harvesting of ice, the manufacture of wagons, automobiles, tools, machinery and apparatus, the sale of distilled waters, beverages, ice cream, condensed milk, milk powder, gravel, brick, stone, cement, metal, wood and other materials and the disposal of horses, mules and other live stock.

The consolidation is for a period of ninety nine years. The consolidation was brought about by the similarity of the different lines engaged in by the companies and the fact that many of the directors of one company were interested in the other. The Knickerbocker Ice company owns many ice houses in Illinois and Wisconsin.

Eger Aspires To Legislature

Libertyville supervisor has announced that he is to be a candidate for the republican nomination as representative to Springfield from this, the 8th senatorial district. Mr. Eger was the Independent candidate selected by men from all townships of Lake county several years ago at the time Stearns was a candidate and made a good showing. He has been considering entering the race for some days past and made the announcement of his decision Monday afternoon. He will at once start the circulation of his petitions and declares he's going in not only to land the nomination but be elected.

Eyes of Men of Genius.

Audubon, as became a naturalist, had "hawk-like eyes, that flashed like a searchlight and were ever on the alert for each movement of animated nature." The duke of Wellington also had, it is said, blue hawk's eyes gleaming with military genius.

Profit of Books.

The profit of books is according to the sensibility of the reader. The profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine, unless an equal mind and heart finds and publishes it.—Emerson.

MANY ATTEND GRADUATING EXERCISES

Pupils of Lake County Gather at Libertyville For Graduating

PRESENT HONORS TO PUPILS

Valedictorian of Grades of the County Delivered by Alta Neville of Grayslake

The commencement exercises of the county schools at Libertyville, Thursday, June 18, were a decided success. Of the one hundred sixty who received diplomas this year one hundred forty were present to receive them. The large auditorium was filled with the parents and friends of the class. The program began at ten thirty and it was nearly one o'clock before all was finished yet the attention was splendid, an excellent testimonial that all were well entertained.

The young people who had received the first five highest standings in the county were given places on the program and all did exceedingly well. Miss Alta Nelville of Grayslake was first and delivered the valedictory; Miss Hazel Kapheim, South school, North Chicago, was second and gave the salutatory; Miss Violet Porteous of Area was third and played a piano solo; Miss Anna Sorenson of Winthrop Harbor was fourth but was unable to be present; Sigurd Simonson of the North school, North Chicago, the fifth read an essay on "History up to Date." Norton Flood gave his reading with good effect.

Much favorable comment was given the classes which gave drills; the precision that marked all the movements indicated that much time had been given to them and their teachers Misses Scholz and Daley deserve mention because of the excellent showing of their pupils.

The dramatization of "Hazel and Gretel" by Miss Kelley's pupils was especially well given, the pupils who took part were all young but carried out their parts well. Little Helen Tully as Gretel was a star and received much applause for her acting; Bessie Sneddon the part of Hazel and also did well.

The pupils of the Gurnee school under the direction of Miss Margaret DeLany gave a novel number of the program, "The Roll Call of Heroes" and proved very plainly that they had been well trained.

Two songs by the class from Deerfield under the direction of MissGlynch were well given; it is not often that pupils can show the self-confidence that was displayed by these young people.

The pupils who received favorable mention other than the first five were the following, given in the order of their standing:

Olga Kehrwald, John Lepton, Emily Druce, Leo Kapheim, John Pelz, Rannells Cadmore, Glenn Mills, Leland Watson, Dorothy Cornell, Margaret Kress, Ernest Cox, Edith Stanley, Arthur Howard, Anna Gerbert, Mildred Knickerbocker, Adelia Albrecht, Elsie Olsen, Mamie Riehm, Jennie Paulson, Ariel Steenrod, Peter Rettig, Max Wurgler, Charlie Tiffany, Blanche Shaddle, Anna Frank, Anna Sauer, Frances Jadrick.

Lots Like That.

A certain famous [illegible] builder said in his New [illegible] day, apropos [illegible] which their Bodies "Costs and vam[illegible]vania Station cause there are [illegible] sunshine had to [illegible] him a swear that gas ga[illegible]ns on liant light."—New [illegible]

Universal Love

Novels are sweet. A[illegible] healthy literary appetite almost all women; a va[illegible] clear, hard-headed men, j[illegible] ops, chancellors, mathematic[illegible] notorious novel readers, as w[illegible] young boys and sweet girls, and [illegible] kind, tender mothers.—William Make peace Thackeray.

Virtue.

Virtue is the fount whence honor springs.—Milton.

9 DIE IN AIR CRASH

ARMY BIPLANE STRIKES DIRIGIBLE AND BOTH ARE DESTROYED IN AUSTRIA.

ALL ON BOARD LOSE LIVES

Members of Military Corps Crushed to Death—Explosion Wrecks Both Crafts After Collision Far From Earth—Eddies Blamed for Disaster.

Vienna, June 23.—The splintered fragments of an aeroplane, the charred remains of a big dirigible balloon and nine terribly burned and mutilated bodies are the mute records of one of the most tragic—certainly the most sensational—disasters which have occurred since man learned to fly.

The dirigible military balloon Koerting left Fischamend, a market town 11 miles from Vienna, at eight o'clock in the morning. It was manned by Capt. Johann Hauswirth, in command; Lieut. Ernst Hofstetter, Lieutenant Bruer, Lieutenant Haldinged, Corporal Hadima, Corporal Weber and Engineer Kammerer.

At the elapse of half an hour a military aeroplane of the biplane type, with Lieutenant Flatz and Lieutenant Hoosta aboard, started in pursuit. The news had gone abroad that something in the nature of a sham aerial fight would take place, and at Koenigsberg, the scene of the engagement, a big crowd had gathered. Quickly the smaller but much speedier craft overtook the big airship, and then the spectators watched a thrilling sight. Like a wasp bent on attacking some clumsy enemy, the aeroplane circled several times around the balloon, now darting close to it, and then away, always apparently steering off just in time to avoid an actual collision. Meanwhile, the balloon continued to rise until it was about thirteen hundred feet from the ground. The aeroplane, at a still greater height, maneuvered until it appeared to be nearly over the airship. Then it began its descent.

It was the evident intention of the pilot of the aeroplane to take up a position directly above the dirigible, within striking distance, but, owing either to a miscalculation of the distance separating the two craft, or of speed, the nose of the biplane struck the envelope of the airship and ripped it wide open. A tremendous explosion followed; the balloon burst into flames, which enveloped the biplane, and in a moment the wreckage began to drop, crashing like lead to the slope of a hill.

According to some experts the catastrophe was caused by the aeroplane being caught in the eddies from the balloon. They attribute the accident to a species of whirlwind caused by the airship's propeller, which drew in the smaller machine.

HUERTA LOSES AT ZACATECAS

40,000 Rebels Under Villa Capture Three Suburbs of City—March on Capital Near.

Saltillo, Mex., June 23.—General Villa, with 40,000 troops, the greatest force that has taken part in any battle of the present revolution, began the second attack upon the city of Zacatecas on Sunday. Villa's army captured three advance positions in the suburbs of Zacatecas, driving the federals back upon the main defenses. It is predicted that within a week Villa's victorious army will be marching upon the capital.

Torreon, June 23.—General Villa's troops, rushing to the relief of General Natera, whose retreating rebel forces were being pursued by Gen. Medina Barron, surprised and overwhelmed 5,000 federal soldiers at Calera, a few miles north of Zecatecas on Friday. The losses of General Barron, who had sought to surround and annihilate Natera's command, were heavy.

MAN KILLED BY HUNGRY LIONS

E. D. Dietrich, Manager of Show, Torn to Death by Enraged Animals at Chicago.

Chicago, June 23.—Emerson D. Dietrich, twenty-four years old and a Cornell graduate, was mangled and torn to pieces on [illegible] by five half-famished [illegible] lions caged in [illegible] car in the yards of [illegible] railroad at Clark and [illegible] streets. The lions were the [illegible] of an "animal act" which was [illegible]ow at a Chicago theater, and Dietrich was manager of the company. It was no part of his duties to enter the cages, but Dietrich was interested in a year-old cub, which had been injured in an accident, and visited the car to find out how it fared.

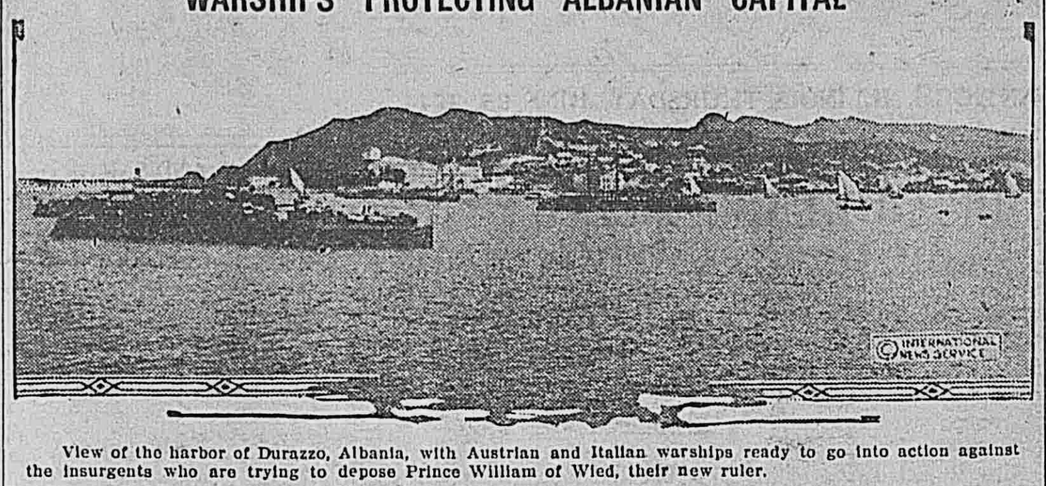
To Clear Atlantic of Derelicts.

Washington, June 22.—To free the north Atlantic of derelicts the revenue cutters Seneca and Miami early in July will establish an international patrol in those waters as authorized by the international maritime conference.

Senate Orders Full Investigation.

Washington, June 22.—The senate adopted the resolution ordering a full investigation by the privileges and elections committee into the use of senate stationery in the exploitation of the Gold Hill (N. C.) gold mine.

WARSHIPS PROTECTING ALBANIAN CAPITAL



View of the harbor of Durazzo, Albania, with Austrian and Italian warships ready to go into action against the insurgents who are trying to depose Prince William of Wied, their new ruler.

STORM PERILS MANY

YACHTS RETURNING TO CHICAGO FROM MICHIGAN LOST.

Terrific Gale Sweeps Lake and It Is Feared Some of the Boats Have Been Swamped.

Chicago, June 23.—Hundreds of lives were imperiled and many thrilling rescues effected on Sunday in one of the worst storms which has swept over the lake this season. The storm broke so suddenly and with such fierceness that the many lake craft cruising—some of them many miles out—were caught and tossed like tissue boats by the gale and great waves.

Twelve boats of the fleet which was returning from the Michigan City yacht races, held Saturday, were reported missing.

The fleet, consisting of about thirty boats, was caught in the squall about six miles off the Jackson park harbor. Every effort was made to protect the weaker craft, but darkness fell over the waters and many boats were lost to view.

Six of the missing boats belonged to the Jackson Park Yacht club; two were owned by members of the Chicago Yacht club and the others belonged to the Columbia and Lincoln Park Yacht clubs.

High-powered motor boats and members of life-saving crews all along the lake shore swept the waters with searchlights in an effort to find the missing yachts.

Ten men were rescued from a float one mile out from the foot of Indiana street by Captain Carland and his life-saving crew, after the men had been washed away from their moorings and were rapidly being driven out into the lake. Captain Carland caught their distress signals and went to their rescue.

PEACE PARLEY IS PROLONGED

Argentine Minister Confers With President Wilson and Bryan at Capitol.

Washington, June 22.—President Wilson, Secretary of State Bryan and Minister Naon of Argentina held a two-hour conference at the White House on Friday night on the Mexican situation. It is understood that at the meeting the president insisted that all parties should be brought into the Niagara proceedings or the parley would be without practical result. Following the conference the reports at the White House and state department were that the mediators would change front and that constitutionalist delegates would be received at Niagara Falls without the armistice condition. Minister Naon left for Niagara at 10:45. He was driven from the White House to his hotel in company with Secretary Bryan.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR

Washington, June 22.—President Wilson decided to appoint Rivers McNeil collector of customs at Chicago to succeed J. C. Ames, resigned.

Watertown, N. Y., June 19.—Fire which broke out in a coalyard in the northwestern part of this city quickly got beyond control of the firemen and destroyed many business blocks and dwellings.

New York, June 19.—F. Augustus Heinze, the copper magnate, is dying at his home in this city, according to a statement made in court by his counsel, William Travers Jerome. Mr. Jerome appeared in an attempt to reopen the case in which a judgment for $275,000 was obtained against his client.

Marshfield, Mass., June 22.—Members of the bar from all parts of New England came here to dedicate a memorial tablet on the house in which Daniel Webster lived during the last 20 years of his life.

Kills Brother After Rebuke.

Springfield, Ill., June 23.—Because his older brother, Marian Forbes, thirty-two years old, had ordered him out of his buggy for using profane language in the presence of his wife, Harry Forbes shot him to death.

Reds Flee to America.

Rome, June 23.—A number of anarchists who are being sought by the Italian authorities in connection with their participation in the recent riots at the time of the general strike are reported to have left for America.

205 MINERS PERISH

TWENTY WORKERS ARE TAKEN OUT ALIVE FROM HILLCREST (ALTA.) COLLIERY.

300 FLEE AFTER EXPLOSION

Bodies of 23 Dead Miners Are Brought to Surface From Burning Shaft—Rescue Trains Arrive—182 Are Still Entombed.

Hillcrest, Alta., June 22.—Figures given out by the Canadian Pacific railroad show that 185 men are still in the burning Hillcrest mine. They are all believed to be doomed. Twenty men were rescued alive and 23 bodies were recovered.

An explosion occurred in the mine, which is one of a group on the Crow's Nest line, at 9:30 a. m. on Friday. Three hours later 23 bodies had been recovered from the underground workings. Twenty men were rescued alive.

Fifty of the men were still living, some horribly burned, others mangled by the force of the blast, all suffering from the effects of the poisonous gases.

At six o'clock two trains filled with expert mine workers, with doctors, nurses and officials of the railways, reached here. At once the gangs of rescuers were supplemented and the work of rescue went on with better results, aided by the latest scientific devices for saving life in mining disasters.

The explosion blew out both ends of the pit, and instantly blocked up the interior of the workings. Most of the men were working about four hundred feet inside the mine.

Carrying pulmotors and clad in special dress to protect the rescuers from noxious fumes, the rescuers made considerable progress and debris at the entrance was soon cleared away.

It will take a week to get at the bodies of all those entombed, and some may never be reached.

This is the third disaster which has befallen the inhabitants of Crow's Nest Pass. Four years ago 35 men were killed in Bellevue mine by gas, and ten years ago Frank mine was wiped out by the mountain toppling over.

According to the officials of the company 580 men went into the mine at 7 a. m.

At 9:30 a terrible explosion was heard and men came rushing out of the entrance by scores. The panic spread through other parts of the mine and in ten or fifteen minutes about three hundred had escaped.

Hillcrest mine is situated 193 miles west of Medicine Hat and is one of a group of mines which have been worked for the past ten or fifteen years.

Liege, Belgium, June 22.—Two hundred miners were entombed alive when fire broke out in the Vielle-marthaye colliery on Friday. The fire was caused by an explosion.

BANK LAW WAS VIOLATED?

Alleged That Officers of Chicago Institution Accepted Money When Bank Was Insolvent.

Chicago, June 22.—State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne appointed assastants on Friday to take charge of the criminal prosecution of former Senator William Lorimer, C. B. Munday and the other wreckers of the LaSalle Street Trust & Savings bank. Evidence adduced during a conference between the state's attorney and Attorney General P. J. Lucey indicated that deposits were received after Lorimer and Munday knew the bank was insolvent and were scrambling to save what they might from the wreck. Conviction under this charge carries a penalty of from one to three years in the penitentiary. W. C. Niblack, vice-president of the Chicago Title & Trust company, was appointed receiver of the bank, on the motion of the attorney general.

College Professor Found Dead.

Philadelphia, June 23.—George W. Smith, an instructor in psychology at the University of Chicago and a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1903, was found dead in bed in the apartment of his brother, Edwin.

Grant's Son Sued By Wife.

New York, June 23.—Jesse R. Grant, son of former President U. S. Grant, was named as defendant in a suit brought by his wife, Elizabeth, to compel a trust company to pay her a sum sufficient to support her.

ROOSEVELT HAS FEVER

SUFFERS RETOUCH OF JUNGLE ILLNESS ON LEAVING BRITAIN.

Colonel Retires to Imperial Suite After Liner Imperator Leaves Southampton—Cheered by Crowd.

London, June 20.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt, shortly after the Imperator sailed from Southampton, suffered a recurring touch of jungle fever, according to a wireless message from the liner on Thursday. He had a chill and retired immediately to the Imperial suit, which had been assigned to him.

Southampton, England, June 20.—A warm farewell was given to Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who sailed for New York on the Imperator on Thursday after a whirlwind visit of less than ten days in Europe.

Crowds cheered the former president in London, and there was a friendly demonstration on the streets here and on the pier when the colonel went on board the big Hamburg-American liner. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, O., and his cousin, Philip Roosevelt of New York.

"I absolutely refuse to run for the governorship," he said.

Colonel Roosevelt was accompanied to Southampton by Arthur Lee, a Unionist member of parliament, who was the American statesman's host over the week end.

W. H. Page, the American ambassador, the members of the embassy staff, Lord Beresford and several other notable persons were at the railway station in London when the colonel left.

Before going aboard the boat train Colonel Roosevelt issued a brief statement thanking the British people for their kind treatment.

"I've had a bully good time," he added.

The colonel and Lord Beresford posed with clasped hands for the newspaper photographers.

Colonel Roosevelt looked in good health despite the throat weakness which will prevent him from taking an active part in the approaching political campaign in the United States.

"If any one expected me to go into this campaign vigorously I cannot do so now," said Colonel Roosevelt, who had been warned by Sir Sinclair Thomson, the famous specialist, that his larynx would not stand any severe strain.

FIND HACKED TORSO OF GIRL

Police Recover Dismembered Body Wrapped in Weighted Sack From Hudson River.

Schenectady, N. Y., June 20.—The body of a girl, from which the head, arms and legs had been cut, was found floating in the Hudson river by the police. The torso had been wrapped in a weighted heavy burlap sack wrapped in oilcloth. The abdomen was slashed clear across. The head and limbs had been hacked away with a dull knife.

Aviator Hides In Clouds.

Los Angeles, June 20.—T. Kashiara, said to have been formerly a star aviator in the mikado's army, hid in the clouds when Deputy Constable Myers tried to attach his biplane for a $125 lien, according to Myers. With the aid of a field glass Myers finally located a rapidly vanishing speck in the heavens, which he decided must be Kashiara and his biplane.

Chum of Garfield Is Dead.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 22.—Frederick Joseph Teale, classmate and chum of President Garfield, and an aide of John Brown, the abolitionist, in his historic campaign, is dead at his home, 213 South Soto street. He was seventy-seven years old. Teale was born in England, November 29, 1836. He came to America when six years old.

Miss Wilson Now an Editor.

Madison, Wis., June 23.—Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, accepted the editorship of the music department of the Social Center monthly magazine to be started here in August.

U. S. Middies at Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, June 23.—The American battleships forming the practise squadron for the midshipmen from the Annapolis Naval academy arrived here. They were the Missouri, Idaho and Illinois.

ROADS WIN OIL LANDS

U. S. SUPREME COURT HOLDS TITLE TO 300,000 ACRES IS VALID.

VALUE PUT AT $700,000,000

Hundreds of California, Michigan and Ohio Citizens Disputed Title—Kentucky's Anti-Tobacco Pooling Law Is Unconstitutional.

SUPREME COURT RULINGS.

OIL LANDS—Ruled for railroads and against government in contest over western tracts valued at $700,000,000.

TOBACCO POOL—Declared unconstitutional Kentucky statute legalizing farmers' combine.

CHURCH VOWS—Declared vows of poverty in Roman Catholic orders not against public policy.

PIPE LINES—Act placing all interstate oil pipe lines under interstate commerce commission regulation held constitutional but not applicable to Uncle Sam Oil company.

LUMBER TRUST—"Blacklisting" of certain retail lumber dealers by Eastern States Retail Lumber Dealers' association held violation of Sherman law. Government suit upheld.

FREIGHT RATES—Spokane and other intermountain cities won fight against 16 railroads for reduced freight rates.

HARVESTER COMPANY—Right of state of Kentucky to prosecute the International Harvester company is upheld, although the company has no office in that state.

CUBAN SUGAR—Effort of Louisiana to prevent continued imports of Cuban sugar at 20 per cent under the regular duty, by enjoining the secretary of the treasury, is refused.

Washington, June 24.—Transcontinental railways won their fight for title to some $700,000,000 worth of oil lands when the Supreme court on Monday held void the clause in the patents making the land revert to the government if found to contain minerals.

The court held that the patents were irregular, but that they could not be attacked collaterally—by other claimants—but could be set aside only by a direct attack by the government.

Justice Vandevanter, for the court, incidentally emphasized the claim that the government's time in which it could attack the patents had expired in 1900 or 1901.

The government contended, that when it gave the lands to the railroad it did not grant minerals not then known to exist. Each patent issued contained an exception and reservation reading:

"Excluding and excepting all mineral lands should any such be found in the tracts aforesaid."

Justice Vandevanter held that a general statute made it the duty of the secretary of the interior to inquire whether the lands were of the class for which a patent could be issued.

Spokane and other intermountain cities won their long fight against 16 railroads for reduced freight rates by the Supreme court's decision of the celebrated "intermountain rate" or "long-and-short-haul" case. The court approved the radical rate reduction on west-bound freight to western inland cities ordered by the interstate commerce commission.

BANK HEADS ARE INDICTED

Grand Jury Holds Many for Failure at Tonica, Ill.—Returns 121 Indictments.

Ottaway, Ill., June 24.—The grand jury which has been making special investigation for a week into the failure of the Tonica Exchange bank last November presented its report to Judge Eldredge on Monday. A total of 121 indictments were returned against four against Hartenbower and G. D. Hiltabrand, cashier; B. F. Hiltabrand, assistant cashier; W. J. Ebner, assistant cashier and bookkeeper. Eighty-four against Hartenbower and G. B. Hiltabrand each for receiving deposits while the bank was insolvent; 15 against B. F. Hiltabrand and W. J. Ebner each for same offense; two against Hartenbower and G. D. Hiltabrand each for operating confidence games; three against Hartenbower, G. D. Hiltabrand and B. F. Hiltabrand each for embezzlement; one against Hartenbower and G. D. Hiltabrand each for embezzlement.

The defendants were released on bonds. The liabilities of the Tonica Exchange bank are $500,000. It will not pay more than 20 cents on the dollar, according to Trustee Frank Richey.

U. S. Wins Over Lumber Men.

Washington, June 24.—The Supreme court affirmed each count of a decision that methods of lumber dealers' associations in Eastern states in blacklisting retail dealers was a conspiracy in restraint of trade and must be stopped.

Faces Electric Chair.

Laporte, Ind., June 24.—Robert Collier will be electrocuted at Michigan City prison for the killing of John Cain. Collier's electrocution will take place October 16. Collier laughed when the death penalty was imposed

Children's clothes should be fresh and sweet—this means a big wash—never mind—use RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP. Washday then has no terrors. No rubbing. No worry—clothes clean—germs killed—mother happy.



RUB-NO-MORE CARBO NAPTHA SOAP used on your linens and cloth means a clean, healthy, happy, germless home—It does *not* need hot water.

Carbo Disinfects RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap

Naptha Cleans RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Can't Tell, These Days.

The two men had been observing the antics of a strange man in silence and finally broke into speech.

Crawford—What's the matter with that fellow who is holding onto the lamp post and shuffling his feet?

Crabshaw—There was a time when I'd have said he was drunk, but now perhaps he's practising a new dance.—Judge.

Acid Stomach, heartburn and nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

The Actor of Today.

"Pardon me, but how could you become an actor with such an impediment of speech?"

"Oh, no one notices it. The-the fi-film also tr-trembles constantly."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Mental Arithmetic.

Teacher—Tommy, if I spent one-third of a certain sum of money, and $3 represented five-sixths of the remainder, what did I have?"

Tommy—The jimjams.

Use Roman Eye Balsam for scalding sensation in eyes and inflammation of eyes or eyelids. Adv.

A tooth paste—Hitting a fellow in the jaw.

Libby's Pork and Beans

Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

Insist on Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



1913 RECORD Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 20 to 45 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for beef steer. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the biggest opportunity of any place on the continent.

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Can be made profitable if the right kind of machinery is used.

WE MAKE THE RIGHT KIND.

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DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent express paid for $1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 146 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

This Farmer Man Knew Something About Crows

WASHINGTON.—Consider crowds:

A farmer man was going along a business street up Georgetown way when, above the clash of traffic, he heard a sound that caused him to look upward. And there on a chimney ledge perched a crow shrilling out his:

"Caw, caw, caw."



While the farmer man was craning his neck, another man, in passing, paused to inquire fraternally:

"Pet of yours got away?"

The answer went off like an explosion:

"What in thunder do you suppose a farmer wants with a crow except to shoot him? I'm plagued to death every year of my life with the darn things watchin' my corn hills from the fence rails, and the first thing I hear when I get to town is this infernal cawin'. What do you reckon that rascal up yonder means by wasting his time here where there are no crops to rob, huh?"

"Oh, we've got a rookery of 40,000 crows near Arlington, and I've watched their goings and comings for forty years. You could time a clock by their movements. Every morning in the early gray they fly down the Potomac to their feeding grounds."

"That's where they get me, blank 'em!" The farmer man made his adjective good and strong—no, not good, just strong!

"Live along the eastern shore?"

"No, sir; I'm from old Charles county, God bless her—"

"You don't say! I've got relatives down in that section—fine people, too—and at dusk you ought to see those crows come trailing home in a long, black line, high up in the sky, in clear weather and sailing low in storms. Oh, you can't put me against crows, friend. I've watched them too long."

"That's how I got my opinion—by watchin' 'em, with a shot gun. The rascals are so sharp, though, these days, doggone 'em, that it's hard work getting a pop at them. And you can't frighten 'em with scarecrows any more. Blank it, sir, they light on 'em, right before your eyes."

"Caw, caw, caw," shrilled the crow.

Not So Bad as Cynics Would Have Us Believe

A MAN was limping through Lafayette square.

It was so early of a Sunday morning that the grounds were empty except for the man and a lone person who was coming down a path toward him, and the same primeval stillness lay over the streets outside, not counting the iconoclastic rattle of passing cars.



The man limped because of a stiff leg that had to be helped out with a cane, and it was a slow limp because, again, his architecture included a bay-window front incompatible with high speed. He carried a newspaper and was lumbering toward a tree-shaded bench, when—

Something in the grass caught his eye. It must have been an important find, for, stiff and stout as he was, he made an elaborate effort to reach down to it——and failed.

Then he straightened up, gave a jiu-jitsu twist to his body and tried to stoop sideways. He failed again.

Nobody wants to be officious, but the [illegible] who had come along and was about to pass the spot it might be a case of dropped specs, or something vital like that, and volunteered first aid.

"Thank you, madam. I would very much like to have one of these white clovers if I might tax your kindness."

The lone person picked exactly one clover from the white powdered grass, and handed it to him. The man accepted it with a bubble of confidence due the occasion.

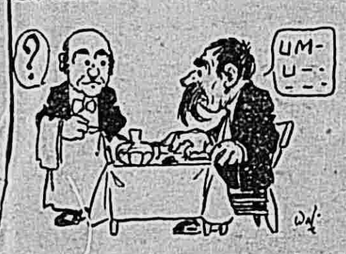
"These little blooms take me back a half century to the farm that was my home when I was a boy."

The woman smiled appreciative recognition of the sentiment as she passed on; the man lumbered over to his bench and—well, that was really all there was to it except—

When a stiff, stout man, over fifty, can carry about with him enough honest boyhood to prize a clover top for the sake of its associations, the world can't be half so bad as the cynics would have us believe.

Thing That Thrills Some Visitors to the Capital

ONE thing about the small town visitor that thrills is the niceties he preserves in eating. If a confirmed habitue of one of Washington's fashionable restaurants happens to drop a particularly choice bit of meat on the tablecloth he calmly and unhurriedly retrieves it. He is not nervous about it. He is not even nervous if the waiter looks at him reproachfully.



The writer saw one huge, bronzed man with a mighty walrus mustache and an appearance which justified the belief that he could face 15 bad men with guns and not wink an eye. The bad man had ordered a veal cutlet. And one of the best bits of the cutlet escaped the curtain-draped cave that he called his mouth and fell slushily upon the white cloth. The mighty man extended a hamlike hand to pick it up and had almost captured his game when, looking up, he caught the eye of the waiter. His face turned crimson. His colossal hand flapped feebly around, while he pretended to be trying to look at the salt cellar, the sauce—anything. The waiter went toward him icily.

"Anything, sir?" he wanted to know.

"N-n-nothin'," faltered the big man. "I was—"

"Salt, sir?" asked the waiter, solicitously.

The big man clutched at the suggestion like a drowning man clutching at a straw.

"Ye-es," he stuttered.

The salt was handed him and he spoiled the remainder of his cutlet with it.

And during the rest of the dreary meal he ate solemnly, sadly, hopelessly, while the waiter stood guard and the fallen piece of meat gleamed wickedly from the tablecloth. Occasionally he would look reproachfully at the waiter. Then he would bow his head mournfully over his food.

This Congressman Comes From a Land of Plenty

"I COME," said Representative Holland of the Norfolk, Va., district—and there was a world of pride in his tones—"I come from that land famed the world over for its good things to eat. A land the fair renown of whose oysters and terrapin and hams is sung throughout the length and breadth of the nation from where"—and Mr. Holland, waxing eloquent, harked back to valedictorian days—"from where the icy waters of the Atlantic beat upon the bleak crags of Maine to where the placid waters of the blue Pacific kiss the golden—"



"It's a fact, sir, a fact," concluded Mr. Holland, when reminded that these stories must be limited to 400 words. "I'm right about it; dead right!" And Mr. Holland is right about it; dead right. Just listen to this luscious litany of the succulent, savory things hailing from the district that calls him representative—a litany he chants with reverent ecstacy.

Lynnhaven oysters, canvas-back duck, diamond-back terrapin, Crisfield crabs, Norfolk spots, Chesapeake shad, sora, reedbirds, Smithfield hams, March strawberries, April green peas—

Here, waiter, quick! What's tariffs to terrapin, or currency bills to canvas-backs! And don't forget the peanut!

Fishing for Man Eaters



ONE DAYS CATCH.

THOSE who live upon the islands of Samoa never let pass an opportunity to kill a shark. The waters which surround that little world are infested by them; and sometimes a native will be caught and killed by one of the terrible man-eating monsters—quite frequently enough, indeed, to give a savage a zest to the sport. It would be difficult to say whether even bird-catching occupies a higher place. The natives are wonderfully expert and courageous, and as the flesh of the shark is the principal dainty at their great feasts, parties of men are forever going in search of it.

The favorite time is when a storm has just blown itself out, for the sharks have been driven inshore, and may be found sheltering in great numbers under the black rocks that border the lagoons. The men, who have rowed out in a frail canoe, throw food overboard, piece by piece, and this serves the double purpose of attracting the sharks and gorging them so that they may be rendered easy of capture. The water around the boat quickly becomes alive with the brutes, and when the bait is devoured they retire to the shadowy waters where rocks overhang stretches of smooth sand, and there they lazily stretch themselves at full length, and sink into a half sleep.

Catch Them Asleep.

The natives in the canoe paddle slowly along, and presently discover one of these sharks in drowsy slumber. The leader of the fishers raises his hand in signal to the paddlers to stay the course of the boat, and one man—generally a young and active fellow—climbs over the side into the water, and, with the noose of a strong rope of bark fiber in his hand, dives beneath the surface. Swimming quietly along under the water, he comes to a sleeping fish, and with a quick, deft movement slips the noose over its tail.

Then, as gently as he came, he returns to the canoe, and when he has clambered safely back into it the natives take hold of the rope and rouse the shark from its sleep with a mighty pull together. The shark is dragged through the water before it has time to reflect, and in spite of its sudden panic and frenzied struggles, it is gradually hauled toward the boat. By keeping its tail clear of the water the natives have made it practically helpless; and at last, by a peculiar movement, they jerk it into the canoe, and a tremendous blow with a club finishes its career.

Sometimes the shark has backed into a crevice or hole in the rocks before it has settled down to sleep, so that its head alone is accessible. In such a case the diver will swim up to it, and with the utmost coolness tap it gently but firmly on the head. Sleepy and gorged with food as it is, and annoyed by the interruption, without knowing exactly the cause of it, the shark turns round with a swish in a space barely large enough for it to lie in. As it does so it exposes its tail, and the diver cleverly drops the noose over it and returns to the boat in the customary manner. For the sake of variety, a baited hook is carried out by these natives and dropped in about 12 feet of water, the line being then brought back to land. When a shark seizes the bait, and is safely hooked, the natives shoulder the rope at the edge of the water, and, singing a rude, measured chant, dance inland, dragging the fish into the shallows, where it is speedily killed.

Sport Is Dangerous.

The sport is exceedingly dangerous, as can be imagined, but the Samoans are taught to be as much at home in the water as are the sharks, so that an astonishing indifference is displayed toward them. In some parts of the islands shark-fishing is regarded as being as much a trade as a sport, and the operations are carried out by a different method from those described above. The fishers tie a rope 15 or 20 feet long around a small barrel that has been well plugged up and made water-tight. To the end of the barrel is fastened a large steel hook, baited with dried fish. Several of these barrels, with rope and hook attached, are put on board a yacht and a start is made for the noted shark grounds just outside the harbor. On their arrival at the shark ground the casks and lines are thrown overboard about 100 yards apart, and the yacht cruises round, awaiting developments.

Presently one of the barrels commences to rock up and down and dance at a great rate, sometimes disappearing under the water and reappearing at a distance. Then a boat is lowered and its occupants row as rapidly as possible toward the floating barrel. Backward and forward, in circles and winding lines, the elusive cask is pursued, and only after a long period of hard rowing, sometimes for hours, is it captured and towed to the yact, the hooked fish dragging after it as a matter of course.

The tactics pursued at night are different. A line of great strength, 300 feet long, is employed with the usual hook and chain attached and baited as described above. One end of the rope is tied to the wharf and the well-baited hook is thrown a few yards away into a shallow pool in the middle of a patch of moonlit sand. Very soon a dark object is seen gliding like a shadow from the deep water across the sand toward the pool and halting a few feet from the bait, the fishermen, of course, all sitting as still as statues a little distance away.

When the fish has made a meal it starts off back to the deep water again, and the rasping of the rope signifies that the hook is in its mouth. Then—and not until then—the men jump for the rope and run with it in the opposite direction. The shallow water is now cut into foam as the taut line is pulled through it, and the shark splashes with great fierceness and fights strongly for its life. The tugging men sway rapidly to and fro until their efforts are at last triumphant, and the shark is hauled up on the sand.

American "Royalty."

The American Bonapartes, one of whom was, married a short time ago in New York, are descendants of the Emperor's youngest and most troublesome brother, Jerome, from whom Prince Victor Napoleon, the present head of the house, also traces his descent.

Jerome married Miss Elizabeth Patterson in Baltimore in 1803, but his brother refused to recognize the marriage and in 1806 annulled it, married him to Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, and made him King of Westphalia.

The American Bonapartes derive from the Patterson marriage and the European family from that with the German princess. The American family have been generally undistinguished, but one of its members, Charles Joseph, was secretary of the American navy from 1905 to 1906.

Preserving a Famous Flag.

Work on the restoration of the original Star Spangled Banner which floated from the flagstaff at Fort McHenry when Key wrote the national anthem, was started recently at the Smithsonian institution, says Baltimore Sun. The work will be in charge of Mrs. Fowler of Boston, who is the most widely known expert in this line, having had charge of the restoration of the seventy-five trophy flags of the war of 1812, now at the naval academy, for which work congress appropriated $30,000.

The matter of a souvenir program for the national Star Spangled Banner centennial celebration in September was finally decided upon at a meeting of the managing directors. It was agreed to issue an artistic publication entirely free from advertising.

FABLES IN SLANG

by GEORGE ADE

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THE NEW FABLE OF THE ROISTERING BLADES WHO ABSORBED THE MAGNETIC CURRENT DIRECT FROM THE CENTRAL STORAGE PLANT.

Out in the Celery Belt of the Hinterland there is a stunted Flag-Station.

Number Six, carrying one Day Coach and a Combination Baggage and Stock Car, would pause long enough to unload a Bucket of Oysters and take on a Crate of Eggs.

In this Settlement the Leading Citizens still wear Gum Arctics with large Buckles, and Parched Corn is served at Social Functions.

Two highly respected Money-Getters of pure American Stock held forth in this lonesome Kraal and did a General Merchandizing.

One was called Milt, in honor of the Blind Poet, and the other claimed the following brief Monniker, to wit: Henry.

Neither of them had to pay the Woman who did the Housework.

Henry and Milt got what they could during the Daytime and always stood ready to trim up the Dark Lanterns and operate at Night.

These two Pillars of Society had marched at the head of the Women and School Children during the Dry Movement which banished King Alcohol from their Fair City.

As a result of their Efforts Liquor was not to be obtained in this Town except at the Drug Stores and Restaurants or in the Cellar underlying any well-conducted Home.

For Eleven Months and Three Weeks out of every Calendar year these two played Right and Left Tackle in the Stubborn Battle to Uplift the Community and better the Moral Tone.

They walked the Straight and Narrow, wearing Blinders, Check-Reins, Hobbles and Interference Pads.

Very often a Mother would hurry her little Brood to the Front Window when Milt or Henry passed by carrying under his arm a Package of Corn Flakes and the Report of the General Secretary in charge of Chinese Missionary Work.

"Look!" she would say, indicating Local Paragon with index Finger. "If you always wash behind the Ears and learn your Catechism, you may grow up to be like Him."

But—every Autumn, about the time the Frost is on the Stock Market and Wall Street is in the Shock, Milt and Henry would do a Skylark Ascension from the Home Nest and Wing away toward the Rising Sun.

They called it Fall Buying, because both of them Bought and both of them Fell.

At Home neither of them would Kick In for any Pastime more worldly than a 10-cent M. P. Show depicting a large number of Insane People falling over Precipices.

The Blow-Off came on the Trip to the City. That was the Big Show.

Every Nickel that could be held out went into the little Tin Bank, for they knew that when they got together 100 of these Washers, a man up in New York would let them have some Tiffany Water of Rare Vintage, with a Napkin wrapped around it as an Evidence of Good Faith.

On Winter Evenings, Milt would don the Velvet Slippers and grill his Lower Extremities on the ornate Portico such as surrounds every high-price Base-Burner.

While thus crisping himself he loved to read News Notes from Gotham, signed Carolyn Stuyvesant, who seemed to have the Entree into the Best Houses.

He did not know that Carolyn had tangled Whiskers and jotted down his Boudoir Secrets in a Weinstube, using a borrowed Pencil.

So he believed what it said in the Paper about a well-known Heiress having the Teeth of her favorite Pomeranian filled with Radium at a Cost of $120,000.

Whenever he got this kind of a Private Peek into the Gay Life of the Modern Babylon, he began to breathe through his Nose and tug at the Leash.

He longed to dash away on the Erie to look at the Iron Fence in front of the Home of the Pomeranian.

When the Day of Days arrived, Milt and Henry would be seen at the Depot with congested Suit-Cases and their Necks all newly shaven and powdered for the approaching Jubilee.

Each had pinned into his college-made Suit enough currency to lift the Debt on the Parsonage.

Already they were smoking Foreign Cigars and these were a mere Hint of what the Future had in Store.

While waiting for Number Six they wired for Two Rooms and Two Baths and to have Relays waiting in the Manicure Parlor.

Up at the Junction, where they caught the Limited, they moved into the High and began to peel from the Roll.

The Steak ordered in the Dining Car hung over the edge of the Table and they scuffled to see which one would pay the Check.

As for the Boy in the Buffet, every time he heard a Sound like 25 cents he came out of the Dark Room and began to open small Original Packages.

When they approached the Metropolis, via the Tunnel, they thought they were riding in on a Curtiss Bi-Plane.

Between the Taxi and the Register they stopped to shake hands with an Old Friend who wore a White Suit and was known from Coast to Coast as the originator of a Pick-Me-Up which called for everything back of the Working Board except the License and the Bicarbonate of Soda.

The Clerk let on to remember them and quoted a Bargain Rate of Six Dollars, meaning by the Day and not by the Month.

They wanted to know if that was the Best he had and he said it was, as the Sons of Ohio were having a Dinner in the Main Banquet Hall.

So they ordered a lot of Supplies sent up to each Room and wanted to know if there was a Good Show in Town—something that had been denounced by the Press.

The Clerk told of one in whch Asbestos Scenery was used and Firemen had to stand in the Wings, so they tore over to the News Stand and bought two on the Aisle for $8 from a pale Goddess who kept looking at the Ceiling all during the Negotia-



The Flag Station Seemed Far Away.

tions, for she seemed out of Sympathy with her Sordid Surroundings.

Then to the Rooms with their glittering Bedsteads and insulting prodigality of Towels.

After calling up the Office to complain of the Service, they shook the Moth Balls out of their Heavy Millers and began to sort the Studs.

When fully attired in Evening Clothes, including the Sheet-Iron Shoes, they knew they looked like New York Club Men and the Flag Station seemed far away, as in another World.

Instead of the usual 6:30 Repast of Chipped Beef in Cream, Sody Biscuits and a Stoup of Gunpowder Tea, they ordered up Cape Cods, Potato Let-it-go-at-that, Sweetbreads So-and-so, on and on past the partially heated Duck and Salad with Fringe along the Edges and Cheese that had waited too long and a Check for $17.40 and the Waiter peeved at being slipped a paltry $1.60.

Heigh-ho! It is a Frolicking Life!

Pity the Poor Folks who are now getting ready to court the Flax in Akron, Ohio, and Three Oaks, Michigan, and Tulsa, Oklahoma, with no thought of what they are Missing.

They remembered afterward being in a gilded Play-House with the Activities equally divided between a Trap-Drummer and 700 restless Young Women.

Then, being assailed by the Pangs of Hunger, they went out and purchased Crab Flakes at 20 cents a Flake, after which they paid to get their Hats and next Morning they were back in their rooms, entirely surrounded by Towels.

On the third Afternoon, Milt suspended Fall Buying long enough to send his Family a Book of Views showing the Statue of Peter Cooper, the Aviary in Bronx Park and Brooklyn Bridge by Moonlight.

Then, with a Clear Conscience, he went back and put his Feet on the Rail.

The morning on which their Bodies were taken the Pennsylvania Station broke bright and cheery.

Milt said somebody had fed him a Steam Radiator and put Mittens on him and unscrewed his Knee-Caps.

Otherwise, he was O. K.

Henry kept waving the English Sparrows out of the Way, and asking why so many Bells were ringing.

Two weeks later, at the Union Revival Services, when Rev. Poindexter gave out that rousing old Stand-By which begins "Yield Not to Temptation," Milt and Henry arose from the Cushioned Seats and sang their fool Heads off.

MORAL: One who would put Satan on the Mat must get Inside Information from his Training Quarters.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upo Application

Telephone Antioch 58!

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914.

On many occasions the town of Antioch has turned the trick for its chosen candidate, always a Waukegan man and, right glad they were too, to receive the support of the Antioch voters. But, now, why not give this section a voice in the choice of some of the candidates? Why not divide up a little? Willing we are to give the city of Waukegau the lion's share, but must they have all the plums? We have as good men and women too, in the western part of the county as they have in the eastern, and why not claim a little that is our due? It is certainly a snap for the Waukegan ring to pick out the candidates and then step out and ask the aid of the country voters without ever offering or expecting to give a return of the courtesy. But now that the political game has once more opened up let's see if we cannot find suitable candidates to represent this neck of the woods, and then stand for him. Think it over voters and decide for yourselves.

That Wm. Rosing is some politician all right. But of course he has opposition.

We hear the rumor of a democratic candidate for the office of Superintendent of Schools, and we also hear a whisper of an entire democratic ticket.

Another eye is glancing toward that County Clerk job and if after a little quiet canvasing the running looks good there will be another added to the list of aspirants for that office.

BASE BALL NOTES

The Antioch Red Sox will play the Wilmot Team Sunday at home on the new grounds, on the C. R. Thorn property just west of the railroad.

The Antioch Red Sox recored another victory at Silverlake last Sunday and are now proudly exhibiting their score of 6 to 2. If ball games could be played without the sixth inning Silverlake would have been snowed under for that was the only inning in which they scored at all. It was one of the swiftest games of the season the entire nine innings being played in an hour and fifteen minutes.

The pitcher showed his strength while Hughes proved himself equal to the task of catcher. Harden seemed better acquainted with the ball than he was the week previous and in fact every one of the team was in the best of trim, although the boys do seem to be joking Smart about "juggling" the ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Antioch.....0 0 1 1 0 3 0 1 0—6
Silverlake.....0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2

This is the way "Red" looked to the Silverlake boys.



The Demon Batter.

Health Tip.

Worrying is a bad mental habit. There is only one cure and that is training oneself into good mental habits. To do this, persistence and patience are all needed. A week or a month is not likely to suffice. Keep at it just as you would train a vine to grow up instead of down.

Great Poet's Splendid Eyes.

According to Trelaway no man had brighter eyes than Byron; they were gray, and fringed with long black lashes. Lady Blessington, writing of him a few months before his departure to Greece, adds that one eye was visibly larger than the other.

HOGAN THE HERO

By HAROLD CARTER.

Hogan had "squealed."

There could not be any greater crime in the policeman's decalogue. And nobody had thought it possible of Hogan. Only six months on the police force, he had already begun to attract attention as a clean, sprucely dressed, smart patrolman. He was just the kind of man who would occupy a sergeant's desk some day. And now he had "squealed."

It was at the inquiry about Pat Grady, who had been given the "third degree" in the station house. The other policemen had denied all knowledge of it, but Hogan had corroborated Grady's testimony word for word, though the man was a miserable sneak thief, without a friend in the world.

"What did you do it for, Hogan?" they asked him afterward. And Hogan answered that he had never told a lie and was not going to begin.

That was the beginning of the boycott. But there were worse things than that. Hogan could never be sure, when he went to his cot in the station house, that he would not wake to find himself on the floor, with the bed legs sawed through. Or that his locker would not have been broken into. Or that his uniform would not be a mass of tattered rags. Or his white helmet painted green. Or his gloves fingerless. Or something worse.

He meant to stick it out for Nora's sake. Nora was to arrive from Ireland the following month, and they were to be married at once. If he gave up—he did not know what sort of job he would be able to get. It would mean, not only the postponement of their marriage, but a career spoiled.

Hogan was thinking all that over as he went on duty. James, who patrolled to his corner on the avenue,



Another Bullet Spun Past His Shoulder.

had been a good friend to him in the first days of his duty, when he was a green patrolman, but there were no more friendly chats on the street corner when the men met on their patrol. James passed him as though he did not see him. Who was going to speak to Hogan, except on matters of duty? Who would be seen talking to a "squealer?"

Hogan resumed his solitary beat. He was walking with squared shoulders and trying to look his future in the face. He knew that it would take him years to live down his reputation, if he ever did. If it were not for Nora he would get off the force.

Tap-tap-tap-tap!

It was the sound of James' nightstick upon the sidewalk. There is no mistaking that sound, and the signal is never given except in desperate emergency.

Hogan spun round and began running along the avenue toward his fellow patrolman. At the further end was a gathering mob of men. Hogan reached the outskirts of the crowd and began to force his way through.

"What is it?" he bellowed.

"Man murdered his wife! Crazed with dope!" he heard somebody say, and pushed to the open door of the house.

Upon the bottom step James lay. There was a bullet wound somewhere in his body, and he was drenched with blood. And at the top stood the drug-crazed madman, brandishing his revolver and shouting defiance to all who dared try to take him.

Hogan did not pause "just an instant." He did not pause at all. That is not the way of the police. Up the stairs he ran, three at a time, and as he reached the middle of the flight he felt an odd twinge in his leg and heard the crack of the revolver. Another bullet spun past his shoulder. A third struck the wall, and again Hogan felt that sudden twinge—in his right arm this time. The nightstick dropped from his hand—and he caught it in his left.

Another bound and he was upon the madman, who was fighting like a fury. He swung the empty revolver down upon Hogan's head with a thud that felled the patrolman to the floor. Then, with a yell, the maniac had darted up the stairs.

Hogan looked down. He saw the frightened mob around the door. He tried to rise, but his limbs failed him, and he lay there, wondering whether he was paralyzed and why he couldn't get on his feet.

A yell broke from a thousand throats below. "He's fired the house!"

A thin wisp of smoke crept down the stairs. Then a fiery tongue began to lick the wall above him, and Hogan could hear the madman yelling as he watched the conflagration. Below him he saw James huddled up at the foot of the stairs.

The sight of him seemed to give Hogan new vigor. He got on his feet and began ascending the stairs. As he went up he found that he had unconsciously picked up his nightstick.

He never knew how he reached the upper floor. But when he got there the madman was too busy to notice him, for he was standing over a woman's body and chuckling as he watched the spreading flames. With his last reserve of strength Hogan leaped at the man and brought the night stick down upon his head. He fell like a stricken ox.

Hogan picked up the body of the woman and staggered down the stairs with her. He saw that she was still living. The bullet had only pierced her arm, but she was as unconscious as though the blow which Hogan dealt had fallen on her own head.

A roar of cheering greeted him as he carried the woman out into the street. Men flocked around him and tried to grasp his hand. But Hogan turned and made his way slowly back into the burning building. They tried to stop him. He pushed them away.

Up, up he went, through drifting clouds of smoke and scorching fire. Now he was on the upper floor again and had picked up the body of the drug-crazed man. He swung him in his arms, but the weight was too heavy and Hogan pulled him down the stairs after him, wrapped in his own tunic.

The smoke filled his nostrils and Hogan dared not breathe, because as all fire-fighters know, an inhalation of flames consumes the body within and kills more swiftly than a bullet in the brain. He held his breath and he pulled the madman through that Gehenna of fire.

Down, down—and the breath came from his lungs, and Hogan drew in one gasp of fresh, life-giving air. He laid the body on the sidewalk just as an ambulance came hurrying up. A surgeon leaped from the vehicle.

"Will he live?" asked Hogan.

"He's dead," the surgeon answered, giving the body a cursory survey.

Hogan almost swore—only he remembered that he was a policeman.

"Not him," he said, and pointed to the body of his friend.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said the surgeon. "Yes, it's only a flesh wound. He's coming to now. Why, what's this on your coat?"

"Never mind me," gasped Hogan and fell into the surgeon's arms.

And it was odd, but the first thought that came into his mind after that was the fear that somebody had sawed through the legs of his bed.

The man at his bedside must have understood, for he stretched out his hand and took Hogan's in his.

"Glory be, my lad, you're coming to," he said. "No, there won't be any more bed-sawing, Hogan. Say, lad, you've got to get well as quick as you can, because the boys are waiting to give you another sort of reception at the station house."

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

SEEK TO OUTDO YESTERDAY

Competing with Yourself Is Declared the Real Secret of Success.

We've often heard that competition is the life of trade, and now we hear a lot about its harmfulness and that co-operation is the real thing. But the other day I heard a woman who is manager of a huge apartment house, and who draws a large salary for it, talking over the factors that she thought made success. She made this statement, which struck me as effective and true:

"I've always competed with myself, and I think that's what helped me get ahead. There's an element of selfishness in competing with friends or business associates, but you can compete with yourself and get only solid good."

It makes one think of a game of solitaire, doesn't it? Never mind, solitaire is a mighty good game, and teaches a heap of quick observation, patience and other things worth developing. Competing with yourself in the job you are on will also develop things worth having. It will keep you right up to the mark, for one thing. You'll have a constant eye on yourself, see where you fall down and how you can do better.

You'll never be content to do only as well one day as you did the day preceding. Yesterday's self is the self against whom you compete today, and you'll be determined to go it one better.

You want to think of yourself as a growing plant, not as a brick or a stone that is to remain just what it is till it disintegrates. Don't stunt yourself. Don't be content with yourself.

"I would rather win my own approbation than that of my king's," said an old French philosopher a good many years ago. But you need to make that approbation mighty difficult to win!

Compete with yourself.—Kansas City Star.

Your Attention a Moment

5000 People Wanted to Attend

THE

FIREMEN'S PICNIC

Which Promises to be one of the Biggest Celebrations Ever Pulled off at

ANTIOCH

or in Northern Lake County

ON THE

4th of JULY

Programme

Water Fight at 10 o'clock p. m. Company 1 vs. Company 2

Grand Street Parade Starting at 11 o'clock

BASE BALL GAME at 2:00 p. m.

ANTIOCH and AVON will play for $10.00

OPEN AIR DANCING PAVILION

Dancing all afternoon. Good music

Prizes to the best tango Dancers

RACES

Potato. Sack. 3-Legged. Wheelbarrow. Fat Men's. Fat Ladies', Boy's Girls. Married Men's Married Ladies' and Firemen's Race.

Clay Pigeon Shoot

Pie Eating Contest

Prize Waltz

Band Concerts During the Day

SOO LINE R. R.

TIME CARD—Antioch Station

Grand Central Depot, 5th Ave., & Harrsion St.

ANTIOCH STATION 55 MILES NORTH OF CHICAGO

GOING NORTH

Lv. Chicago.	Ar. Antioch
8:50 AM—No. 5, Daily ex. Sunday	10:50 AM
1:30 PM—No. 7, Daily ex. Sunday	3:13 PM
3:20 PM—No. 18, Daily From Forest Pk	5:27 PM
5:00 PM—No. 9, Daily ex. Sunday	7:03 PM
7:00 PM—No. 17 Daily	8:50 PM

SUNDAY SPECIAL

8:05 AM—No. 15, Sunday Only	10:01 AM

GOING SOUTH

Lv. Antioch.	Ar. Chicago.
6:20 AM—No. 10, Daily ex. Sunday	8:22 AM
6:41 AM—No. 18 Daily	8:40 AM
7:30 AM—No. 14, Daily To Forest Pk	10:00 AM
10:30 AM—No. 8, Daily ex. Sunday	12:36 PM
4:36 PM—No. 6, Daily ex. Sunday	6:45 PM
8:28 PM—No. 2, Daily	10:30 PM

SUNDAY SPECIAL

6:20 PM—No. 16, Sunday Only	8:23 PM

TUG OF WAR at 4 o'clock Lake Villa vs. Trevor

Good Speaking Furnished

Fireworks in the Evening

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., June 22—The committee declared butter at 27½.

Charles Harden was a Waukegan visitor Tuesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Hawkins Friday, June 19, a son.

Miss Carrie Cropley of Kenosha spent today with Antioch relatives.

Mrs. J. H. Karnes of Kenosha, is visiting this week with Mrs. Adams.

For Sale—Cord wood. Inquire of Gene Sheehan, Lake Villa, Phone 2. adv 4w

A. M. Christensen and family moved Wednesday into the Osmond house on Depot Street.

Miss Lillian Sanborn of Charleston, Ill. is spending the summer with Mrs. Annie Sanborn.

Fishing tackle at Hunt's. adv

A. Curtis and family of Evanston, spent over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Barber spent over Sunday at the home of their son, Dr Barber, at Crystal Lake.

Mrs. George Kuhaupt attended the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. John Ruplinger at Milwaukee one day last week.

Lewis' Fly-Killer for stock, at Hunt's. adv

Mrs. John Hancock and daughter returned to their home in Superior, Wis., after spending the past week with Antioch relatives.

Saturday evening while returning home from a dance at Daker's pavilion Bernie Fields and a couple of friends had a mix-up with Harry Smith's auto bus, which resulted in the buggy, which belonged to Field's, being somewhat broken. As they drove upon the channel bridge they saw the lights of the bus approaching and just as they were about to pass each other the horse shied thus bringing the buggy in the direct path of the machine. Smith thinking the horse would start forward at once and clear the track, did not apply the emergency brake, and before he was aware of what was happening he had crashed into the buggy. Fortunately no one was hurt though there was a lively time for a few moments. The buggy wheels were completely demolished.

Resolutions of Respect

Resolutions of condolence on the death of our Brother Burtis Overton, adopted by Lake Lodge No. 723 I. O. O. F.

Whereas, It has been the will of the Supreme and Divine ruler of all, to remove from the sacred sanctuary of happy and pleasant home, a loving friend, many relatives and hosts of friends and the fraternal precincts of the lodge room, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we the undersigned committee members of Lake Lodge No. 723, I. O. O. F., extend to the bereaved widow and relatives of our esteemed brother our deep and sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction and bereavement, we who knew him will miss him for he was recognized as one of the brightest business men of our community, with future prospects for a brilliant and successful career, honored and respected by all who knew him, who was a warm and hearty handshake, kind and pleasant word or salutation as he chanced to meet, upright and honest in the routine of business associations; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow and brothers of our Brother, that a copy be sent to the Antioch News for publication, that the same be spread on the records of our lodge in loving and fatherly tribute to the memory of our departed brother, also that the charter of our lodge be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days.

Charles E. Blunt,
Harlow J. Barber,
N. E. Proctor,
Committee.

Great Truth Here.

As soon as people are old enough to know better, they don't know anything at all.—Oscar Wilde.

The Spender.

At Christmas the millionaire filled his pockets with bills. To the postman, janitor, bellboy, barber and others each and all, he gave a ten-spot. "Ha, ha!" he chuckled. "I'm the guy who put the X in Xmas!"

Repentance.

Our past actions reproach us, which can not be atoned for by our own reflections so effectually as by our future behavior.—Steele.

Mentally Cramped.

People who have their attention too much fixed on one object can't help being a little narrow in their notions.—Goethe.

Just received a new supply of buggies. Frank Hunt. adv

Adolph Pesat of Grand Island, Florida, is visiting in this vicinity.

For Sale—Eight 6 weeks old pigs. Inquire of H. Message, Antioch.

Mrs. Lyman Paddock and daughter Helen spent Sunday in Chicago.

Mrs. R. M. Haynes spent a few days the first of last week in Chicago.

Mrs. F. S Morrell and son spent a few days in Chicago the last of last week.

Mrs. Wm. Harrower spent several days last week visiting Waukegan relatives.

Miss Addie Schafer entertained Miss Annie Peterson of Salem Saturday and Sunday.

A. M. Christensen has moved his tailor shop into the east side of the Wilton building.

"Safety First" Electric Lanterns at Hunt's. adv

A light frost was noticeable Saturday morning, although no damage from it has been reported.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Taylor, and Miss Clara Taylor attended the funeral of a relative in Chicago on Sunday.

Mrs. Libbie King was called to Chicago Tuesday by the serious illness of her daughter, Mrs. McGrath.

Mrs. J. Calenberg of Alenton, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Kuhaupt the latter part of last week.

Cushing's Dancing Pavilion will have the opening dance on Saturday evening, June 27, and will continue to have dancing every evening until Labor day. Dave Cushing, Prop.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all who assisted us during our recent sad bereavement, and especially do we thank those who contributed floral offerings and those who furnished music.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock
and family
Ralph Spafford

Sport Before Schedules.

"What time will this train reach Perkins Junction?" asked a traveler on a short line railroad. "There aint no telling," said the conductor affably. "Me and the engineer are goin' ter get off down the road a piece an' hunt rabbits for a spell."

No One Is Perfect.

Each one has his own burden, his own faults; no one can do without the aid of others, therefore we must assist each other by consolation, advice and mutual warmth.—Leo Tolstoi.

Explanation Enough.

Passenger—"That last station was my destination, sah. Why, sah, didn't you stop thar?" Conductor—"We don't stop there any more. The engineer is mad at the station agent."—Sacred Heart Review.

Virtue.

Be careful to make friendship the child and not the father of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

Ed Wells and T. A. Somerville were Chicago business visitors Monday.

Frank Harden, Lee Savage and Clayton Wertz are jurors at Waukegan this week.

Mrytle Haynes is enjoying a three weeks vacation in Chicago with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunn and children spent Saturday and Sunday at Kenosha.

Gasoline and kerosene stoves at Hunt's.

Mr. and Mrs. John Welch of Libertyville, were Antioch visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Geo. Conrad and children spent the past week visiting at the home of M. C. Conrad at Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Savery and children of Hammond, Ind., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hawkins.

Mrs. F. H. McGhee returned to her home in Austin after having spent a couple of weeks with friends in and around Antioch.

Mrs. Zhude, Mrs. Gananse and Miss Cotchenberger of Powers Lake, Wis. were the guests of Mrs. Jas. Wilton a few days last week.

It's cool at the Crystal these hot evenings. The pictures help you to forget the heat and electric fans add to your enjoyment of the scenes.

Paints and oils of all kind at Hunt's.

The barn on the Morley farm, occupied by Clayton Wertz, was struck by lightning during the storm Sunday evening but no damage was done.

On Thursday evening of last week in Chicago occured the marriage of Harry Taylor formerly of this place, but now of Chicago, to Miss Marguerite Gee of the same city.

You can always keep yourshoes black and have a brilliant shine by using Radiant Shoe Dressing. It is waterproof and will not crack the leather. For sale by Chase Webb, J. R. Cribb, Williams Bros., and Hillebrand's Cash Store, Antioch, Ill. 2w

"Mr. Knocker, Take the Stand."

The man who tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is called a knocker.

To Stop a Hole.

If using plaster of paris to fill a wall crack moisten with vinegar instead of water, which will make it more like putty. Work it in the gap and smooth with an old knife. It will not then harden before you have time to apply it as when water is used.

His Complaint.

"What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic motorist, as he halted where a pedestrian had broken down. "Tire trouble," replied the tramp, who was, indeed, our old friend, Weary Willie.

Sad Sound.

First Working Girl—"Say, Mame, I heard an awful sad thing this morning." Second Working Girl (wearily)—"So did I—the alarm clock."—Life.

Adoption Notice

State of Illinois, County of Lake.

To all whom it may concern:

Take Notice, that on the 3rd day of August A. D., 1914, a petition was filed by Edward P. Knapp and Willa L. Knapp, his wife in the County Court of Lake county for the adoption of a child whose name is unknown.

Now unless you appear within twenty days after the date of this notice and show cause against such application, the petition shall be taken as confessed and a decree of adoption entered.

Lew A. Hendee Clerk.

Dated June, 1914.

Adjudication Notice

Public Notice is hereby given that the subscriber, Administratrix of the estate of Burtis H. Overton, deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County at a term thereof to be holden at the Court House in Waukegan in said County on the first Monday of Aug. next, 1914, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication.

Waukegan, Illinois, June 15, 1914.

Ada B. Overton,
Administratrix

W. A. Deane, Attorney.

Notice

All persons knowing themselvse indebted to me, are requested to pay same to W. E. Van Patten, who has the bills.

B. F. Van Patten.



WILLIAM A. ROSING
Candidate For
County Treasurer

Subject to the Decison of the Republican Primaries

September 10th. 1914

Your Support Repectfully Solicted

If chosen to represent the Republican Party for the office of County Treasurer, and if elected, I will accept, as remuneration for my whole time and the best business and administrative ability I possess, the salary allowed by the County Board of Supervisors as full pay. I will turn into the County Treasury, as earnings of the Office, every penny received from interest on public monies, inheritance tax fees or any other source. I believe the salary allowed by the Board is ample compensation and am willing to give the work my best attention without thought of any perquisite.

BASE BALL

Antioch Red Sox

VS.

Wilmot

Sunday, June 28th

C. R. Thorn Property Just West of the Railroad

Game Called at 2:30

Now is the Time

to dispose of anything of value that you may have no further use for. Some one else may want to buy it or trade you some useful articles for it.

List what you have with me and I will find you a buyer. You pay me a small commission after the sale is made If you have real-estate of any kind, vehicles of any kind or live stock any kind let me find you a customer for it. I have five of the finest farms in Lake county, lots on Lake Catherine and Lake Marie on Channel Lake and in Antioch for sale. Also many other desirable pieces of property, including a dandy cottage on Channel Lake priced at $1100.00 for quick sale. If you want to buy or sell anything at all see

TED LENORE

Over Chase Webb's Store — Phone 414

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OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

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QUICK!—EASY!
OUTLASTS ALL OTHERS!
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A-B POLISH CO.
1515 HADDON AVE
CHICAGO



LEW A. HENDEE
County Clerk

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican Primary to be held on Wednesday, September 9th, 1914. Your vote and support is respectfully solicited.

J. L. REDDING, D. V. M.
VETERINARY SURGEON
Graduate Chicago Veterinary College
Office
EDWARDS HGTEL—RUSSELL, ILL
Phone 3068

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The TIME LOCK

By Charles Edmonds Walk

Author of "The Silver Blade," "The Paternoster Ruby," Etc.

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17

SYNOPSIS.

Ralph Van Vechten, a young man of leisure, is astonished to see a man enter No. 1313, a house across the street from the Powhatan club, long unoccupied and spoken of as the House of Mystery. Several persons at regular intervals enter No. 1313. Van Vechten expresses concern to his friend, Tom Phinney, regarding the whereabouts of his cousin and fiancee, Paige Carew. A man is forcibly ejected from the house. Van Vechten and Tom follow the man and find him dead in the street. Van Vechten is attracted by the face of a girl in the crowd of onlookers surrounding the body. Detective Flint calls on Van Vechten to get his version of the tragedy. Tom Phinney goes alone on a yachting trip. He recognizes among some persons in a passing motor boat two men whom he had seen enter the House of Mystery. He sees one of them, a Mr. Callis, on shore later and follows him. Tom is seized, blindfolded and taken to a house. A sweet-voiced girl later protests against the roughness of his captors. Van Vechten calls on his uncle, Theodore Van Vechten, big man in Wall street, and known as the "Man of Iron," in search of information regarding the whereabouts of Paige Carew. Detective Flint shows Van Vechten a gold mesh purse found in the House of Mystery. Van recognizes it as belonging to Paige Carew. The sweet-voiced girl helps Tom Phinney escape. A message from London reports that two ladies resembling Miss Carew and her companion, Mrs. Devereaux, sailed for New York some time previously. It develops that the ladies visited the English home of Temple Bonner, owner of the House of Mystery. It is recalled that Temple Bonner was in love with a daughter of Compton Schuyler who married Max Willard. The other daughter married a man named Devereaux. Bonner and Willard were intimate friends. A search is started for Willard. Van Vechten enters the House of Mystery by the back door in time to hear John Callis threaten a girl. He interferes and helps the girl escape, but is rendered unconscious in the struggle with Callis. Tom Phinney gets a job as master of Brownlow's yacht Kohinur, which has been chartered for some mysterious mission. The charterer, Max Willard, and his friends board the yacht at night and Tom hears the voice of the unknown girl. Willard assures Tom that his mission is honorable, and intimates that a great wrong is about to be righted.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Once seated at table, and immediately he was given an illustration of the general fickleness of feminine nature. Smilingly, half-timidly, Della, the name by which the Girl had asked Tom to address her, came forward, and Tom sprang to his feet, brushing aside Hewitt, who was holding a chair for her, and performing the office himself.

"I was waiting for you," she told him brightly.

Instantly Tom soared from the depths of his gloom up to another absurdly vain pinnacle of joy.

"Were you?" he cried ecstatically. "Now I call that bully! Where are the other ladies?"

This question, owing to the queerness of everything connected with Willard and his secret enterprise, he doubted the propriety of asking; but it might be that they were unfamiliar with customs on shipboard, and here was an opportunity to make them feel at ease. The girl, however, did not seem to think it malapert; as she replied promptly, if reservedly:

"They are indisposed. We are to lunch tete-a-tete—et qu'en dites vous?"

"The only way I can understand French," said he, "is when it is on paper, and not then without a lexicon. You're not French!"

She laughed at his bluntness.

"No, but I've lived most of my life in Paris. I meant, if you object to the arrangement you might call in Mr. Mercer."

"Nix. That's near-German, and it means that at this hour Mr. Mercer's place is on deck. . . . Paris—h'm-m. Cousin of a chum of mine has spent a good deal of time there. Quite a

"I—I—Believe I Am Not Feeling Very Well," She Replied Faintly.

violinist. Been expecting her home this long while; but she's been sidetracked somewhere—forgot to send any word—newspapers been printing a lot of rot, and all that sort of thing. Thank Heaven I haven't a scatterbrained cousin like that!"

Tom was blind to the intentness with which the girl hung upon his words. She seemed a bit put out when he broke off abruptly and devoted his attention to the soup.

"And isn't this chum," she spoke quietly, her lips wreathing a smile that somehow looked different to Tom—isn't he dreadfully worried?"

"Worried!" he exploded. "Lord, yes! Precious little she cares, though. She'll turn up one of these days and laugh at him for his pains—one of the pleasant catty ways most girls have. . . . You're not eating: if anything's wrong say the word and I'll go after Hewitt."

"The soup and fish are excellent," she answered hastily. "I simply haven't any appetite. . . . What does he think has become of her?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "What can he think? He imagines all sorts of dire things, and is nearly crazy with anxiety. The police will find her though."

"Police!" she exclaimed in a shocked voice. "Is it really as bad as that?"

"Shows," said Tom sagely, "just how much one thoughtless girl can turn things topsy-turvy. . . . But, hang it all; I'm sorry you're not enjoying your luncheon. Feeling ill?"

The girl had pushed back her plate, and she now sat silently contemplating her hands clasped upon the table-edge.

"I—I—believe I am not feeling very well," she replied faintly, meeting his anxious look with eyes so somber that Tom was alarmed. "A touch of headache—don't let me spoil your appetite—it will be gone in a minute." And she mustered up the ghost of a smile.

Tom, though, continued to watch her, his own countenance reflecting his suddenly awakened concern, while her smile grew until presently she was apparently her normal self again.

"There!—it is gone!" she lightly declared, and, to Tom's immense relief, commenced chattering gayly, and did not again allude to the "scatter-brained" cousin. But neither did she do more than trifle with the succession of dishes which Hewitt's deft hands placed before her.

When the meal was finished, her mood underwent another abrupt change; she grew serious again.

"Now, if you will excuse me, I believe I will go and lie down for a while."

"Yes, do," he urged. "Too bad you should feel so! Isn't there anything I can do?—anything I can get you?"

His eagerness to serve her was rewarded with a smile that made her lovely countenance inexpressibly sweet and winning; but it was manifest even to his heedless regard that she was distrait and wanted to be alone.

The long afternoon dragged by in a monotonous fashion, and Tom was both disappointed and troubled when Molly, the mulatto stewardess, informed him that none of the ladies would appear for dinner.

"The other young lady seems terribly worried," Molly enlarged; "she has something on her mind that's driving her distracted. Miss—your friend is trying to quiet her."

The news augmented his curiosity.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Molly with an air of importance. "She just suffers and don't say anything. She's a high-strung young lady, the kind that feels more than most do. She's taking it pretty hard, whatever her trouble may be."

As he dined in solitary grandeur, Tom puzzled over the circumstance not a little, and, as was usual with him, the inference was slow in coming, that whatever had upset the mysterious young lady, it must have occurred on the yacht. The merriment of all three, as they came aboard last night, testified to this fact. At any rate, he thus accepted the conclusion, without taking into account that the trouble was a secret one, and that it is woman's peculiar gift to be able to hide carking care behind a mask of gayety.

But he had scarcely got his pipe to going before one of the watch sought him out where he had retired upon the bridge, bearing the information that a young lady wanted to see him immediately at the gangway.

He descended to the main deck and made his way aftward with as brave a show of nonchalance as he could rally.

The night was clear and starlit, and consequently the darkness was not so dense as it had been the previous night; therefore, when he arrived at the gangway he was able to make out that the group standing there were in the midst of a strained situation.

The first officer, Mr. Mercer, and two sailors showed plainly that their state of mind was exceedingly black and cheerless, while the girl stood a little apart, impatiently tapping the deck with one foot.

As soon as he approached she addressed him eagerly.

"Oh, Captain Phinney! It seems that I am trying to transcend your authority. I'm sorry. But I'm so anxious to be taken over to the Claremont landing that I never thought there might be any special formalities to be observed."

"Why, I suppose it's all right," he returned uneasily. "You have a—er—a permit from Mr. Willard, of course—?"

She drew swiftly back with a lithe movement.

"Permit!" she exclaimed uncomprehendingly. Tom's fears were realized; she had none, and he groaned inwardly—"I don't understand."

He all at once felt as unhappy as Mercer looked. Wheeling upon that gentleman, he snapped in an undertone: "Beat it!" and the first officer and the two sailors vanished with astonishing agility.

"You see," once more addressing the girl, "it's this way: Last thing Mr. Willard told me before he went downtown himself was that nobody was to come aboard or go ashore without his express consent. Mr. Brownlow instructed me to the same effect. Now, if you haven't something to show that it's all right, you see what a fix you are placing me in, don't you?"

The girl straightened, and Tom could feel the angry glance that swept him. He looked helplessly off toward the landing, conspicuous under the blaze of electric bulbs, with a faint hope that Max Willard would appear and end the situation; but there was no sign of him.

"Captain Phinney"—her tones were now biting—"am I to understand that you will not allow me to go to—go ashore simply because I haven't a scrap of paper from a person who has no control whatever over my movements? It's too absurd! You are downright insulting to demand such a thing when you have my word that it is perfectly proper for me to go."

Tom squirmed miserably.

"Maybe I didn't express myself very well—" he began.

"You did not, indeed!" she indignantly agreed. "It's highly important—but I'll not trouble to explain. I want to be taken over to the landing at once."

The unfortunate skipper's predicament, as they say in newspapers, "can be better imagined than described." During a silence that seemed age-long, his mind remained an utter blank; he was sensible of a numbness stealing over him, and of a most outlandish desire to swear. To tell the truth, he so nearly let slip a shaft of heated profanity that his tongue was at last loosened.

"Della," he pleaded in desperation, "listen to me a moment. On shipboard orders are orders, and they are meant for just one thing—to be obeyed. The practice is so ingrained in every seafaring man that he never even thinks of shirking or compromising. Can't you at least wait a little bit until Mr. Willard comes? I don't doubt but that it will be all right."

She was now angry through and through.

"Then why do you stand there talking like a simpleton?" she flared at him. "It's not a question of whether I can or cannot wait—I don't propose to."

"Della—"

She stamped a foot.

"Don't call me that name!" she stormed—"don't you dare! I detest it! Besides, it's rude and impertinent and ungentlemanly in you to take such a liberty." She moved quickly into the gangway. "If you won't, I will. Thank goodness, I can run a motor-boat!"

Mechanically he reached forth a hand and caught her arm. And with the contact it was as if a miracle had happened for him; his discomposure left him, and all timidity and irresolution vanished.

"Dear girl," he said unsteadily—"Della—don't do this thing; don't force me into such a trying position. If I were anybody in whom you are the least bit interested, the last thing you would expect of me would be to disobey orders."

He had both her hands in his. Suddenly she began pulling and tugging in a furious but vain effort to loosen his grasp.

"You—you wretched, miserable, irritating creature!" she cried tearfully. "I have to go. Can't you get it into your stupid head?"

"Della—Della—don't!" he beseeched her, quite beside himself once more. "Dear girl, listen to reason."

Gradually he was drawing her to him. Then both were stricken motionless and silent.

There is no way of ascertaining how this episode would have ended had it been permitted to continue its natural course. Perhaps it had already ended. As far as this irate young lady was concerned, perhaps it was all over with Tom, and he was properly branded an outcast and a pariah. However that may be, right at this juncture there came an interruption sufficiently startling to jolt both of them from even so absorbing a situation as the present one.

From somewhere forward, without the slightest warning, there broke forth a noise of scuffling and of a man cursing. The intent behind the tumult was so sinister and so wickedly purposeful, that, in terror, the girl instinctively shrank close to Tom. He passed a protecting arm about her, and both stared intently forward, trying to penetrate the gloom.

The scuffling and swearing ceased as abruptly as it had begun. Next instant they heard a resounding splash, the thrilling cry of "man overboard!" which was immediately followed by a second loud splash.

The two raced forward to find most of the crew gathered at the port rail, over which they were leaning and peering excitedly into the river. Tom was not so disturbed that he failed to notice how his companion clung to his arm. He gave the hand a little squeeze and drew her closer.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded. "Where's Mr. Mercer?"

Winnard, the vicarious second mate, pointed down toward the water.

"There, sir," he replied. "A fellow wanted to jump overboard—the blame fool—and Mr. Mercer tried to hold him. Before anybody could help him, the man knocked him down and went over the rail. Mr. Mercer went right over after him."

Already life-buoys had been tossed to the struggling pair in the water, and a boat was being rapidly lowered. Tom glanced over the faces in the dim starlight.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

A moment's silence, then some one spoke up: "The big fellow called Callis, sir."

"Lively, men!" Tom shouted. "He can't swim!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Love-Making Over the 'Phone.

Letter writing—love-letter writing—has degenerated into a despised necessity to be made use of when one is without the zone—either geographical or financial—of the telephone, local or long distance. A fluttering "Hello" traveling over hundreds of miles of wire now produces more ecstasy in the manly breast than did the old-fashioned scented note, written on pink paper and filled with pressed forget-me-nots and heartsease.

And the maidenly heart, too, is stirred more quickly by the thought that somebody cared enough about her to spend $5 on a telephone call from the ends of the world than it is by the sight of a pile of letters two inches high.

There is no use bewailing this sad state of affairs. Doubtless Cupid can balance on a wire as well as he can hide in a scented envelope.

Annual Infliction.

An east Cleveland young man, accompanied by his fiancee, lately called at the home of a mutual friend, where there had been a recent addition to the family. They were greeted at the door by the young wife and mother, who happened to be suffering from a severe cold. After an exchange of conventional commonplaces the young man inquired after the welfare of the baby. And the young matron understood him to be asking about her cold. Hence the following startling reply. "Well, I have one every year about this time, but this is the meanest one I've ever had."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RELIC OF PONCE DE LEON

Illinois Man Has Recently Added It to His Already Extremely Valuable Collection.

A collection of relics, not related in any way, but each object of which is particularly interesting in itself, is that of Mr. Michael Robinson of Shawneetown, Ill., to whose treasures was recently added a piece of the coffin in which Ponce de Leon was buried in the old cathedral at San Juan, Porto Rico.

When the leaden casket of the explorer was examined before it was transferred from the old cathedral to the new one it was found to be in a very poor condition. So insecure did it appear that it was decided a new casket should be provided. The old one was then discarded and cut into pieces, which were given to persons of prominence who attended the cathedral ceremonies. Cardinal Farley, who was in charge of the celebration, gave one of these pieces to Capt. O. P. Townsend, who commanded the guard of honor for the body, and Captain Townsend gave the relic to Mr. Robinson to add to his already interesting collection.

From eons and eons farther back in the history of this continent comes another relic which Mr. Robinson treasures, a block of sandstone bearing the clear imprint of the human foot. It was taken from "The Rocks," a short distance from Shawneetown, but over the border line in Kentucky. It is believed in the neighborhood that the imprint is that of prehistoric man.

A third era of the continent's history, that which brings the collection down to the modern world, is represented by an old silk Revolutionary flag.—New York Herald.

WANTED TO KNOW THE FIGURE

Fortune Hunter's Mother Was Not Dealing in Uncertainties, If She Could Help It.

Miss Jeannette Gilder, the brilliant critic, toyed with a pink and gold mustache cup at the mustache cup tea concluding the Bad Taste exhibition in New York.

"The mustache cup," said Miss Gilder, "holds its own even better than the hand-painted cuspidor. But, after all, there is spiritual as well as material bad taste, and a spiritual bad taste exhibition is now in order.

"In the forefront of it I'd put the fortune hunter. Not all our fortune hunters come from across the water. I heard of one the other day who belongs to the oldest family in America.

"But his family is very poor, and so he and his mother have decided that he must marry for money. They were discussing recently, the pair of them, a western girl.

"'Her fortune is large but vague,' said the mother. 'Besides, she is gauche. Her feet are broad and flat. She has a gold front tooth. Her French is execrable. She—'

"'Oh, I could make something out of her,' the young fortune hunter asserted confidently.

"'Yes, but how much—that's the question,' said his mother."

RECOGNIZED WORK OF ARTIST

Negro Quick to Hand Out What Might Be Called Important Piece of Misinformation.

Charles R. Knight, the artist, whose reproductions of dinosaurs and creatures of long ago are known the world over, prefers, however, to be known as a painter and sculptor of modern animals. He has worked from the living model as much as possible, and this has taken him to the zoos in many cities. He was telling his experiences at the zoo in Washington.

"One afternoon an important looking negro came along with his best girl," he said. "They stopped for a minute and looked at the sketch I was making of a deer.

"'Yer know what he am doin', don't yer?' asked the negro of his companion.

"'Mebbe,' answered the woman. 'Does yoh?'

"'Shoh. He's making a landscape ob one er dem habitats. Dere's moh habitats in dis zoo than anywhere else in der United States.'"

ERUPTION DISFIGURED FACE

Lock Box 35, Maurice, Ia.—"In the spring of 1911 our little daughter, age five years, had a breaking out on her lip and part of her cheek that we took for ringworm. It resembled a large ringworm, only it differed in that it was covered with watery blisters that itched and burned terribly, made worse by her scratching it. Then the blisters would break through and let out a watery substance. She was very cross and fretful while she had it and had very little rest at night. When the eruption was at its worst the teacher of the school sent her home and would not allow her to attend until the disfigurement of her face was gone.

"I wrote and received a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which we used according to directions, and they gave instant relief, so we bought some more. It gradually grew better. We kept on using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in three or four months the child was entirely cured." (Signed) Mr. Henry Prins, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

For Johnny.

Mrs. Briggs is so good-looking that Mr. Briggs seldom finds it in his heart to be angry with her, but he was really cross when she returned from Florida.

"I understand," he said, "that you passed yourself off as a widow while you were away. How about it?"

She admitted it.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Briggs, "but I suppose you are not."

"Of course, I am not," said Mrs. Briggs serenely. "I only did it on Johnny's account. I wanted him to have a good time, and he did. You have no idea how kind all the gentlemen were to him."

The Reason.

"Why is it that young Rounder is such a slow pay?"

"Because he is so fast."

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

Probably the original bone of contention was jawbone.

MRS. WINN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be Restored to Health.

Kansas City, Mo.—"The doctors told me I would never be a mother. Every month the pains were so bad that I could not bear my weight on one foot. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had not finished the first bottle when I felt greatly relieved and I took it until I made me sound and well, and I now have two fine baby girls. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for what it has done for me. I always speak a word in favor of your medicine to other women who suffer when I have an opportunity." — Mrs. H. T. WINN, 1225 Freemont Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



Read What Another Woman says:

Cumming, Ga.—"I tell some suffering woman every day of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it has done for me. I could not eat or sleep, had a bad stomach and was in misery all the time. I could not do my housework or walk any distance without suffering great pain. I tried doctors' medicines and different patent medicines but failed to get relief. My husband brought home your Vegetable Compound and in two weeks I could eat anything, could sleep like a healthy baby, and walk a long distance without feeling tired. I can highly recommend your Vegetable Compound to women who suffer as I did, and you are at liberty to use this letter."—Mrs. CHARLIE BAGLEY, R. 3, Cumming, Ga.

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Don't Poison Baby.

FORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death.*" The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

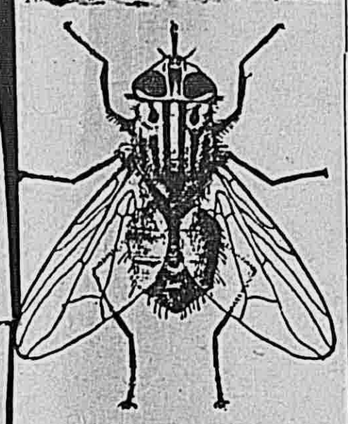
Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

FLIES-DANGEROUS TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE

It Has Become Known in Recent Years That Flies Are Transmitters of Diseases, and Therefore, Are Dangerous to Mankind—Such Diseases as Typhoid, Tuberculosis, Cholera Infantum, and Many Others Are Spread By Flies.

ONE of the most common and widely distributed of household pests is the common fly. This fact, which has been given little consideration until recently now attracts wide attention on account of the fact that it is a conveyor of all sorts of diseases. Besides carrying germs of typhoid fever, dysentery, cholera, and numerous other dread diseases, it is possible that it may also carry smallpox, leprosy, plague, erysipelas, and other germs.

The best fly remedy is to prevent



Biting House Fly.

fly breeding. The second best is to keep things so clean as to prevent fly feeding. The third best thing is to defend oneself against the flies that have come. Sometimes it will be possible to screen them away. This works well enough with dwellings. The few flies that get into a well screened house can be swatted, or caught with paper, or killed with poison.

Where the doors are opening constantly, screens are sometimes of little service and sometimes none at all. Under these circumstances, what is to be done?

Usually it will be possible to protect the food supply with cases, screens, or mosquito bar. Anything kept in the icebox will be protected. Flies suddenly entering an atmosphere of 60 will escape if they can. If not, they slow up. At about 48 they lose their ability to fly. At 27, five degrees below freezing, most of them die.

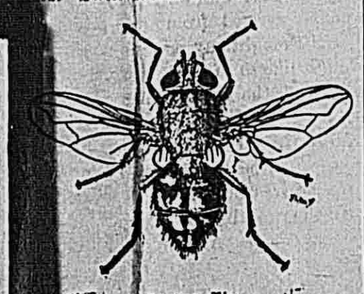
The best method of ridding a dairy barn, milk house, or store of flies will depend on the number present and on other considerations. When flies are abundant the use of fly traps is the most effective method.

Sticky paper has some advantages and some disadvantages. A few saucers containing a mixture of one pint of water, one tablespoonful of formaldehyde (commonly known as formalin), and one tablespoonful of sugar will be efficacious, if not much water is exposed in the room.

The proposers recommend that pieces of bread saturated with this solution be placed in plates and these exposed in places inaccessible to children and domestic animals.

When the place is not being used it should be darkened, whereupon fly paper, fly traps, or fly poison, placed near an undarkened window, will be doubly effective.

The Connecticut experiment station has made some tests to determine how thickly populated with germs are flies from different places. To begin with, our old enemy, the blue bottle fly, is not much of an enemy after all. In addition to being so shy as to be harmless, he is not thickly populated. He only carries 300,000 germ passengers. Swill barrel flies average about



Bluebottle Cluster Fly.

3,000,000, pig pen flies about 1,000,000, and dwelling house flies nearly 900,000.

Swill barrel flies, pig pen flies, and dwelling house flies are the same species of insect. The only difference is in the degree of dirtiness. It is the difference between a man before and after his bath.

The fly is a most voracious eater. We have had that he is a most appetizing breeder, but his gastronomic ability has not had much notice. A satiated house fly, preening himself on a piece of pie, weighs nearly twice as much as when he began to eat. When fed plenty of moist food he deposits a fly speck every five minutes. He will eat anything as well as everything. Because sputum is from a case of consumption or excretions are from a case of typhoid is no reason why they do not appeal to the fly's palate. Being fond of filth, as well as of clean food; being fond of dirty places, naturally they have many germ diseases of their own.

There are epidemics affecting flies as well as epidemics affected by flies. But what matters it if a few millions are killed by germs when so many millions can quickly breed? Nothing with the feeding and breeding power of a fly is at any great disadvantage from germs. It is the human being that expects to produce but a few of its kind that must fight off the enemies to keep the race alive.

Flies are of no consequence except as they affect the food. They do not start any disease. They serve to carry them from one place to another. One farmer may get typhoid in his milk and then spread typhoid to a hundred farmers' milk by emptying it into a common vat. From this common vat 500 consumers may obtain their milk. Thus typhoid may be spread all over a town. But about the only chance for solid food like bread, meat, and sugar to spread typhoid is through the help of flies. A man's water faucet taps the same pipe as that of another man, a man's milk bottle is filled from the same can as another's—but the only link between two men's bread is our enemy, the fly. If the one has a communicable disease, the fly, forgetting all about quarantine, travels with his



What Flies Do, a True Picture, But Not a Pretty One.

saddle bags loaded with germs from him who hath to him who hath not.

"Swat the fly early and late," is what the health officials of the city of Chicago are endeavoring to have the residents of that city do in an effort to prevent the spreading of disease by the little pests.

Some of the truths which the health officials are endeavoring to bring home are set forth in the following paragraphs:

"Bread makes a fine foot wipe for flies."

"It's a short haul from the garbage can to the dining room via the fly route."

"Flies Peddle, So Paddle."

"Flies will peddle, peddle, peddle—
Unless you paddle, paddle, paddle.
Get busy. Keep busy."

"If at first you don't succeed, swat, swat again."

In fighting flies, it is most important to concentrate attention on fly breeding places. Next in importance comes fly feeding places. Flies require such an enormous volume of food that we can accomplish something by keeping things free from fly food. Most important is care of the garbage—no garbage on the ground, a clean can well covered and frequent removal.

But efforts toward diminishing fly food should not stop at garbage. Exposure of foods to the flies in stores must be stopped. Confectionery, fruits, vegetables, meats, and general bulk groceries must not be exposed. In some states, laws covering this point are enforced. In others they are a dead letter. What's the use of fly posters and widely heralded fly campaigns if the law relating to fly food is not enforced?

It is advised that housewives sprinkle a solution of one part of formaldehyde to ten parts of water in their garbage containers during the warm months, to kill not only odors, but flies and vermin.

When Rosenau discovered that stable flies could carry infantile paralysis, the interest in this fly increased materially. The farmers already knew



Blue-Bottle Fly.

of the harm from this fly. In addition to spreading infantile paralysis, Jennings and King of the bureau of entomology say it may spread pellagra. The diseases of domestic animals spread by it are anthrax, swamp fever, glanders, septicemia, surra, souma, and, maybe, round worm.

In addition, biting flies worry stock so much that they cannot work efficiently. Animals get thin and milk cows sometimes go off 40 to 60 per cent in the amount of milk produced.

F. C. Bishopp of the United States bureau of entomology, tells us that the stable fly breeds largely in straw. Old strawstacks in the fields are the worst offenders. Bishopp's advice is to burn these stacks or else to spread the straw, and plow it in deep. When a heavy rain falls on freshly threshed straw conditions for fly breeding are at their worst. Manure containing straw is another breeding place of importance.

To keep the flies off, Bishopp advises a mixture of fish oil (one gallon), oil of pine tar (two ounces), oil of pennyroyal (two ounces), and kerosene (one-half a pint).

The fish-oil mixture, if faithfully applied, will serve as a repellent against flies as long as it retains its effectiveness.



A Greenhead Fly.

Indian Ingenuity.

In his preface to "Antarctic Days," Sir Ernest Shackleton tells an amusing little story of northern Canada.

A government geologist, with infinite labor, had collected some very interesting geological specimens in a region far beyond civilization. Most of the collecting was done on the barren ground 280 miles northeast of the Great Bear lake. The scientific man and the porters of the party carried the rocks on their backs to the Great Bear lake, paddled 300 miles across the lake, and alternately paddled and portaged 1,500 miles up the Mackenzie, Slave and Athabasca rivers.

The last portage was half a mile long at the Grand Rapids of the Athabasca, and it was done by Indian employes of the Hudson's Bay company. The Indians were ingenious men, and they still tell with pride how they saved much labor by emptying all the heavy bags and boxes at the lower end of the rapids, and filling them again at the upper end with rocks of similar weight. By this means they saved half a mile of difficult carrying. The substitution was found out a year later in Ottawa.

China's Telegraph Lines.

The Chinese government, which owns the country's telegraph system, has extended it until more than 36,000 miles of land lines and about 1,000 miles of cables are now in use.

OWED LIFE TO QUAIL

Hunter's Experience Seemed Dispensation of Providence.

Pioneer Would Have Been Victim of Indians but for Miraculous Interruption That Left Him a Loaded Gun.

Superstition played an important part in the lives of the Indians that inhabited the prairies of Kansas in the early days of the Santa Fe trail, says the Kansas City Times. Every trick of fate was "good medicine" or "bad medicine," and many wonderful, albeit somewhat improbable stories, were circulated about miraculous escapes from death by white men because of some unconscious act that was dubbed "good medicine" by the Indians. Some tales, however, are true. A Frenchman made "good medicine" once by snatching off his wig. An army officer made "mad medicine" by sticking a needle in his hollow wooden leg. He wasn't killed, barely escaping with his life after a severe beating.

The long absence from their white fellows by traders and trappers and their close life with the savages made the hardy frontiersmen who blazed the trails of the West more or less superstitious. A story which will illustrate this was told to Col. Henry Inman by "Uncle Johnny" Smith, an early day character, while the two were scouting along the Washita river. Others corroborated it. The two, in company with other scouts, were waiting for the soldiers. Their diet had become rather monotonous. When a hunter appeared one day with a mess of quail he was hailed with delight—by all except Uncle Johnny. He refused to eat quail, because, he said, one had once saved his life.

He was on his way from the Yellowstone to Independence, Mo., in 1847, with some companions, Boyd and Thorp among them. A wandering party of Apaches overtook them in western Kansas. Fresh meat had been scarce with the travelers, so one morning when several buffalo appeared they prepared to have a meal or two of buffalo steak. The Indians had not disclosed themselves as yet.

"About the time I could fairly see things,' related Uncle Johnny, "I discovered three or four buffalo grazing off on the creek bottom, about a half mile. . . . I seed Boyd and Thorp start out from camp with their rifles and make for the buffalo, so I picketed the ponies, gets my rifle, and starts off, too.

"By the time I reached the edge of the bottom, Thorp and Boyd was a crawling up onto a young bull way off to the right, and I lit out for a fat cow I seen bunched up with the rest of the herd on the left. The grass was mighty tall on some parts of the Arkansas bottom in them days, and I got within easy shooting range without the herd seeing me.

"The buffalo was now between me and Thorp and Boyd and they was further from camp. I could see them over the top of the grass kind o' edging up to the bull, and I kept a-crawling on my hands and knees toward the cow, and when I got about 150 yards of her I pulled up my rifle and drawed a bead. Just as I was running my eye along the bar'l a darned little quail flew right from under my feet and lit exactly on my front sight, and of course cut off my aim—we didn't shoot reckless in them days. Every shot had to tell, or a man was the laughing stock for a month if he missed his game.

"I shook the little critter off and brought my rifle up again when, durn my skin, if the bird didn't light right onto the same place. At the same time my eyes growed kind o' hazy like and in a minute I didn't know nothing. When I come to the quail was gone. I heard a couple of rifle shots and right in front of where the bull had stood and close to Thorp and Boyd, half a dozen Indians jumped up out o' the tall grass, and, firing into the two men, killed Thorp instantly and wounded Boyd. Him and me got to camp—keeping the Indians off, who knowed I was loaded—when we, with the rest of the outfit, drove the red devils away.

"You see, boys, if I'd fired into that cow the devils would a had me before I could get a patch on my ball—didn't have no breechloaders in them days. Them Indians knowed all that. They knowed I hadn't fired, so they kept a respectable distance."



WRONG KIND OF GARDENING

Form That Patient Had Been Indulging In Was Not What Doctor Would Have Recommended.

"Now comes the season when the wife goes to the country and the husband, in the words of the immortal song, shouts 'Hooray! Hooray!'"

Thus Jerome S. McWade, in an after dinner speech at Duluth began his response to a toast on "The Ladies."

"When the ladies are with us, we are safe," he resumed, "but when they go off to country or shore, leaving us in town alone, then our troubles begin.

"A man one summer day called on a doctor.

"'Doc,' he said, 'I'm all run down.'

"'You look it, too,' said the doctor sympathetically. I'm not going to prescribe drugs for a man in your condition. No, sir, what I'm going to prescribe for you is gardening.'

"The patient started and his unhealthy pallor turned to a dull brick red.

"'But, doc,' he said, 'gardening is the cause of all my trouble.'

"'Humph, what kind of gardening?' said the doctor incredulously.

"'Roof,' the man replied."

Lacking In Self-Assertion.

Abner Appledry—Jay Green ain't got no more pride and independence about him than a rabbit!

Ashton Allred—Say he ain't?

Abner Appledry—Nah! Whenever he takes a ride on the cars he never stamps up and down the aisles nor stands out on the back platform, to show everybody that he knows his rights, but just sits still in his seat like he was in church!—Puck.

Swallowing his pride never yet satisfied a man's hunger.

Post Toasties

For That Bedtime Snack



The kiddies need something that is dainty and appetizing, don't they? And you want to be sure that they have a food that is easily digested—one that will not disturb their sleep.

Post Toasties are surprisingly good at any time.

They are made of the hearts of the finest Indian corn, perfectly cooked, delicately sweetened and salted, rolled into thin, ribbony flakes and toasted to a crisp, golden brown.

They have that indescribable flavour—sweet and delicious, that so delights the taste.

Just pour from the package and add cream and sugar, or sprinkle over fresh berries or fruit.

Easy to serve and mighty good.

"The Memory Lingers"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.



GREEK METHODS HIDDEN

Rediscovery of Key to Physical Supremacy Could Be Inestimable Boon to World.

No greater gift could be made to our modern world than the rediscovery of the Greek physical supremacy. The secret of the method by which, for a brief period, they realized perfection was long since lost, no one knows how.

At present so little do we understand the principles of training, which guided the Greek in his games, in his battles and his dances, and made the proportions of his figure different from ours of today, that Greek sculpture is in reality a puzzle to us. Certain postures fixed by the Greek sculptor seem to us contortions, bordering on physical impossibilities. There is always a terrific controversy over the restoration of Greek sculpture, and even then the arms and heads and legs we supply never look right.

All this because we do not understand the principles by which the Greek ordered the movements of his body. It was a great secret of bodily coordination, and the secret has been lost, and with it the ability thoroughly to understand the Greek art.

Force of Habit.

Willis (in the cemetery)—This can't be Hardup's grave. The inscription reads, "Mrs. Hardupp."

Gillis—Yes, but you see he had his tombstone, like his other things, put in his wife's name.—Puck.

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

P. S. Daniels spent Friday in Waukegan.

C. B. Hamlin made a business trip to Chicago Friday.

Carl Miller is moving this week into his new bungalow.

Miss Marion McDougall visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Frank Sherwood spent the first of the week with his parents here.

The streets were all oiled last week, making a great improvement over the dust.

Mrs. Ola Barnstable is a recent purchaser of a fine new 5 passenger Overland.

Mrs. Ola Barnstable attended the wedding of her niece at Gurnee Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller are entertaining their grandsons, Henry Murrie and Earl Miller of Waukegan.

Wm. Mitchell and wife returned to their home in the city Sunday evening, after a few days visit with their son, George here.

Mrs. P. S. Daniels and Harold attended the eighth grade graduating exercises at Libertyville, last Thursday. Harold was one of the graduates to receive his diploma.

Mr. and Mrs. Hussey have returned from their wedding trip and are staying for the present with Mrs. Hussey's parents at Sand Lake until the completion of their new home.

A cement walk is being laid across the slough along the Kerr and Sherwood properties, making a great improvement. Who says our town is behind the times because its day? Sidney Wallace is doing the work.

The ladies of the East Fox Lake cemetery held their yearly election of officers at the school house, June 17. The officers elected were: Mary Wilton re-elected president; Mrs. Zelma Hucker, vice president; Mrs. Blanche Richards, treasurer; Mrs. Mary Douglas, new trustee; Mrs. Lura Culver, secretary. Mesdames. Eva Atwell, Nellie Wilson and Lela Barnstable will serve supper at their next meeting at the home of Mrs. Lela Barnstable, on July 1. Visitors welcome. Mrs. Lura Culver, sec'y.

SILVER LAKE

Floyd Hanneman was a caller here Friday.

Leo Leriting was a Kenosha visitor Saturday.

Mrs. C B. Charles is visiting here this week.

John Schmalfeldt and wife were callers here Tuesday.

Mrs. H. Walburg, Geo Bibler and family autoed to Rochester Tuesday.

A. Runyard and wife, Mrs. Chas. Selby and daughters were callers here Thursday.

Mrs. Salvin went to Antioch Saturday to attend the funeral of her neice Mrs. Spafford.

Ben Dagnear and family of Stevens Point, Gilbert Runkel, and family of Wheatland were Sunday guests at John Salvin's.

SALEM

Mrs. W. Petersen visited in Antioch Monday.

Farmers are busy now days with their hay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mutter autoed to Racine, Wednesday.

A number from here attended the circus in Kenosha Monday.

Miss Stella Rhodes returned home for her vacation the last of last week.

Miss Olive Hope left Tuesday to attend summer school in Milwaukee.

Glen Bray returned home Monday from a stay of several months in Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Benson of Kenosha visited here over Sunday with their parents.

Struggled in Vain.

She—"Tell me of your early struggles." He—"There's not much to tell. The harder I struggled, the more the old man laid it on."—Boston Transcript.

Woman to Woman.

As a matter of fact, one woman is as eager to pay another woman's car fare as one man is to pay another's gas bill.

BRISTOL

Miss Edith Murdock spent the latter part of last week in Kenosha.

Mrs. Harry Castle of Chicago spent last week with her uncle, Edd Pike.

Mrs. W. Gaines and Miss Florence Gaines spent last Tuesday in Kenosha.

Clarence Cass and wife of Chicago are visiting at the home of his parents here.

Miss Florence Murdock who has been teaching in Racine returned home for the summer.

Ernest Dixon is on the sick list and K. K. Cass is acting as substitute on the mail route.

Frank Fox and wife, C. T. Curtis, George Bryant and B. S. Benson, motored to Milwaukee last Saturday to attend Ford Day.

Quite a number from here attended the circus in Kenosha on Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickham attended the graduating exercises of the Kenosha High school Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Their daughter Amy being one of the graduates.

On Wednesday of last week at high noon occurred the wedding of Miss Hazel Pike, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Pike, to Olin Monroe of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe intend to make their future home in Chicago.

To late for last week.

Mrs. John Jones and daughter spent Friday in Kenosha.

Miss Raymond of Racine spent Sunday with Miss Edith Murdock.

Mrs. Sidney Pike of Chicago spent over Sunday with Mrs. Ed Pike.

Mrs. Fred Murdock and children spent Sunday at C. E. Williams'.

John Attley and wife of Chicago spent the past week with H. Gaines.

HICKORY

Ed Wells spent Monday in Chicago.

Ruth Pnllen returned home Sunday evening.

Mrs. Ed Wells is spending the week at Millburn.

An auto load from Waukegan attended the society Thursday.

Mrs. Earl Edwards and daughter Helen of Chicago are visiting at D. B. Webb's.

Miss L. Smith of Ward's Corners, visited the latter part of last week at O. L. Hollenbeck's.

Mrs. Curtis Wells entertained her father, Mr. Robertshaw of Chicago, the fore part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Eastman of Antioch and Miss Clara Reynolds of Topeka, Kansas, visited Sunday afternoon at A. T. Savage's.

Charley's Fishing.

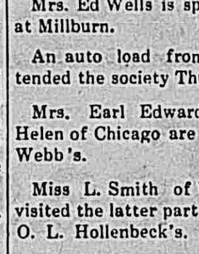
"Does your husband go fishing?" "Yes," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "Haven't fish peculiar names? The last fishing trip Charley sat for three hours trying to catch a flush."—Washington Star.

Wealth.

Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought.—Young.

Collier's

The · National · Weekly



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Until this year *Collier's* has been sold at $5.50. Now the price is $2.50 and we have secured a concession whereby we can offer it at a still further reduction in connection with this publication.

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Recognizing the great demand for *Collier's* at the new price, we have made arrangements to offer it and our own publication each one year for the price of *Collier's* alone. This is a limited offer and must be taken advantage of promptly.

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The Business Leader

Opportunity Talks to Young Men

Prepared by E. P. HERMANN, A. B.
Editorial Department
LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
CHICAGO

By special arrangement the LaSalle Extension University, Chicago, are throwing open to the readers of this paper for this month their Business English Consulting Department and will answer questions that are sent in along this line. Suggestions are welcome. *Write Mr. E. P Hermann* if you have any questions.

The Secret of Business Leadership Is Preparation

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BEGINNING A BUSINESS LETTER.



E. P. Hermann.

Everyone has many business letters to write and it is surprising how few people can write a good business letter. Good correspondents are so rare that business men pay large salaries to those who write most effectively.

It is often because of lack of knowledge of detail that business letters create a poor impression. People often do not know what salutation to use, and just how to begin a letter, or in what dress their letters should appear.

The paper and envelopes used for a business letter should be in every respect first class, but not necessarily fancy. Let the envelope be a good one. Few people know what a neat letterhead really is. If you can find some one who does give him his say, and let him choose a letterhead for you. A little more severity in letterheads would help business.

The letter text should be well centered on the paper. The border should be reasonably wide. No page should be crowded at the bottom. Number the pages. The initial or name of the person addressed should appear on each page. Envelopes should be addressed in typewriting if the letter itself is typewritten.

The salutation may be in one, two, or at most three lines, but it should be logically distributed. The first line may include both address and date, or the first line the address and the second the date or the first may give the street number and the second the town and state and the third the date.

Salutations are a matter for discussion, but every American citizen is addressed as Mister (Mr.) and men or firms are called Messrs. If the firm spells out the word "company" the person addressing it should do the same. Incorporated companies as the Smith Company or the Jones Company do not need Messrs.

Many writers no longer use Mr. or Messrs., as it saves some time to omit them, but omitting them seems to be a mark of impatience rather than of discourtesy. Some business firms are omitting the Dear Sir, Gentlemen, and Dear Madam, but it is probably the best form to continue using them.

One should be careful, too, in using the forms Dear Sir, Dear Mr. Jones, or My dear Mr. Jones. A fresh style is a good thing if it be not "raw." You want to catch the attention but you do not want a back fire of irritation.

CHOOSING A PAYING JOB.

A Survey of the Field.

"The two most important things that a man must do," says a philosopher, "are to choose a wife and to choose a job." Many books have been written and many hours of thought have been put on the question, "What shall our boys do for a livelihood?"

In former days every young man learned the work of his father; consequently, there were many misfits. In order to prevent such misfits this question should be given very, very careful consideration by every young man.

It is the purpose of these little talks to help as they may by presenting information as guide posts along these lines. Of course, the first thing to consider, when the momentous question of a life work comes up, is the boy himself. What are his likes and dislikes? Is he handy with tools? Does he like to read? What does he want to do? But we will concern ourselves only with the various fields of endeavor, presenting a few facts about various kinds of work, so that a boy may be better able to choose his work in the world.

The means by which men earn their daily bread are many and varied, but may be all classed together in a comparatively small number of groups. There are the extractive industries, industries by which something is taken from the earth. Agriculture, herding, forestry, mining, quarrying, production of oils and natural gases, etc., are in this group. There is the vast field of commerce, including merchandising, transportation, banking, insurance, real estate, and clerical work.

There is the field of manufacturing, including hundreds of divisions, as well as the various building trades and other trades. There are the professions—law, writing, medicine, journalism, etc. There is the field of public service—the army and navy, etc. Finally there is the field of domestic and personal service. We will take up some of these in future talks in greater detail.

Man and Music.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—so that explains why men are more susceptible to music than women. It is the truth that all men respond to some kind of music, from Russian to ragtime, according to their tastes. Music is certainly a close second to a man's stomach as a road to that destination—his heart.

New Number on Clock.

Donald, not quite six, is just learning to tell the time. The other day he was playing in the room where the clock is and his mother in an adjoining room asked him what time it was. He glanced at the clock and answered, "Well, mamma, it is just five minutes past the keyhole."

Where the Leak Is.

"If I had a wife who would do some sewing for me I wouldn't lose so much money out of the holes in my pockets," growled Mr. Gabb. "The only hole in a man's pocket that he loses money out of is the hole at the top," replied Mrs. Gabb.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cling Ever to the Good.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee to do anything which thou knowest to be evil.—Franklin

WE have a good supply of American Vim Fencing on hand. Call and get our prices.

We are agents for the I. H. C. line of machinery, Farm Trucks, etc., also Janesville and Studebaker Buggies.

We carry a good Suppy of nails and builders' hardware and can get anything you need or building purposes in three or four days time.

E. L. WALD & CO.
LAKE VILLA, ILL.

Three Farms For Sale

TO THE

Homeseeker or Speculator

I wish to set down and have a face to face talk with you through these columns. I am a man close to 60 years old and desire to cut down responsibilities and much desire to retire from all business, and therefore offer for quick sale my three farms at a special LOW price as follows: Farm No 1—Contains 300 acres and joins the young thrifty village of of Shennington, Monroe Co., Wis., which is located on the big new, line of the C. & N. W. Ry., from Chicago direct to Seattle, Wash. On this big new R. R. can be seen solid vestibule trains, which all stop at Wyeville, a distance of 3 miles where any of the special trains can be boarded. Other trains stop in Shennington, where a fine new depot has been erected. This young town now has two fine stores, village school, one German and one Dannish Lutherin Church; good hotel, blacksmith, salting station for cucumbers; (cpacity 20,000 bushels,) farmer's creamery. This town is becoming the home market; and is located on one of the best railroads in our beautiful state. The land which I offer for sale has been my property for over 21 years and I am prepared to offer the best of titles with abstract.

FARM NO ONE

is 5 minutes walk to P. O., and contains 300 acres

Has good 9 room house with large stone basement; fine door yard; barn 28x70 16; large new shed built last fall 20x68 for young stock and sheep; granuary 20x24, 1½ story; tool shed, hen house, hog pen, corn crib, two fine wells, no finer water in Wisconsin, over 100 acres under plow, balance pasture with live water and timber land. This farm, located as it is, should sell for not less than $75.00 an acre; but wishing to relieve myself of at least some responsibilities I will part with this farm for $45.00 an acre. I will also sell my live stock, tools and horses at a special bargain and may remain on farm. Renters time is up Oct. 1, but will be glad to stay longer.

Is located one mile south of the Village of Shennington, and contains 320 acres of slightly rolling land, with 50 acres cleared 6 years ago, but was not broke. There is in all about 100 acres which is practically clear; 275 acres of this land can be put under plow and not a hill, stone or large stump; this is hard wood land and was cut over 60 years ago. It is mostly fine clay land and has good producing farms all around it. Any purchaser can easily judge for himself what kind of a farm it will make and what it will produce when seeing what the adjoining farms will do. There are about 40 acres of timber land on creek bottom. The timber is maple, birch and bur oak. Many acres of this tract is easy to clear and will make a fine cow or stock farm. This farm is on 2 public roads, one on the east side and one east and west through the tract, leaving 190 acres south of the road and the balance on the north side which should naturally become pasture land with creek through one corner. The 190 on south side can be put to plow land in solid piece with not a foot of waste land.

My price for this tract for some years has been $35.00 an acre but will now let it go for $32.00.

This land is all fenced and has been pastured for several years. There is sufficient grass to take care of 200 head of cattle. This land will raise wheat, oats, barley, or in fact, any product which can be raised in Kenosha county. Being only 110 miles due north of the Illinois line, or due west of Oshkosh, fine crops of corn are being raised. Dairy farming is the chief occupation. There is no difference between farming there and here. I wish to lay special stress on the fact that an acre of this land properly farmed will make one year with another as many dollars as land will down here. Last year the lighter land which was planted to potatoes brought the planter from $75.00 to $125.00 per acre in real cash. The above figures are set low, as potatoes sold for 55c in the field, and on a good year they will raise from 150 to 300 bushels to the acre.

FARM NO. TWO

It is fair to say that there is no spot on the map where finer water can be found than in our Monroe county Valley. All wells are drill wells from 20 to 26 feet deep. By driving a point through feet of solid copper colored clay a strata of gravel penetrated and water clear as a crystal is pumput a few minutes later. I will guarantee to put down well in one day and furnish fine water or no pay the work. The railroad accommodations are absolutely first class in every respect; and when it comes to climate, no one can expect to find any better; being about 75 miles away from Lake Michigan, people who moved from here claims that much less of the cold east and northeast wind is experienced in Monroe county.

When it comes to fine drainage both of my farms have it; as the two creeks were straightened by a large ditch so both farms are provided with fine drainage. The ditchers are not all paid for as yet; but I am offering my land so cheap that any purchaser can afford to pay it.

Speaking of climate; I wish to call the readers attention to the true fact that; many people lose sight of the many lovely features of Wisconsin. The climate as a whole is hard to beat, fuel as a rule is in abundance. Railroad service first-class. Old Wisconsin seldom suffers a failure. I cordially invite homesteaders or investers to go and talk to the natural settlers who 18 years ago settled in the town of Byron, where now Shennington is located. They are an honest class of people; and will tell you they went there poor. Then size up their farms and buildings which were paid for with money derived from the products taken from the soil. If I thought my readers would not become tired I would like to say just a word about the future possibilities for the Badger State (Wisconsin.) This state with its beautiful lakes, streams and wood covered hills will in the very near future be eagerly looked for by the southerner to spend the summer months as we are to invest our money for winter homes in the south. In the not distant future thousands of people will be surprised. Already the hand of fate points that way.

I nearly overlooked stating that I have a good 40 acre tract, 1¾ mile north of Shennington for which I offer for $1000.00; not a hill, stone or big stumps, easy to clear. $1,000.00 on easy tyments takes it. This is all good land except about 8 acres which is sandy soil but will raise fine potatoes and corn.

All land guaranteed as I represent. I will be pleased to furnish map and any other particulars on application. I wish further to say that my 320 acre can be made into 3 farms; one of 160 and two farms each of 80 acres with nice building spots all on public road. I will be pleased to hear from parties, who really are in the market for a good home or gilt edged investment. I have taken special pains to tell you just what I have to offer and trust that to someone this letter will convey good news and future results which will be appreciated.

Thanking you in advance for an inquiry for map, legal description, etc., I am

Most sincere yours,

F. H. SCHENNING, Silver Lake, Wis.